

Ballantine Young Adult

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FIND YOUR FATE™*

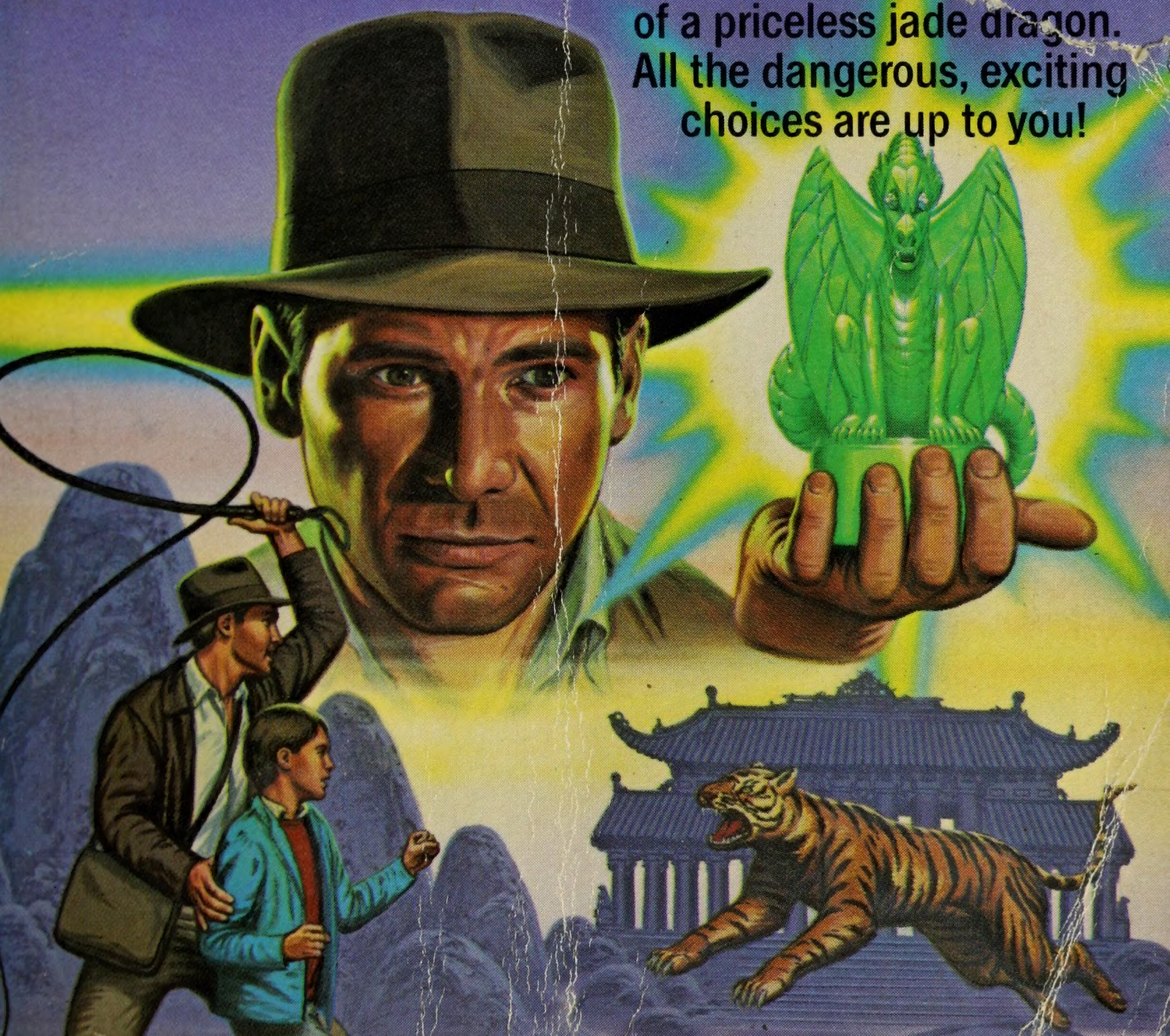
#8

INDIANA JONES™

and the
**DRAGON
OF VENGEANCE**

by Megan Stine & H. William Stine

You're off to China with Indiana Jones™ in search of a priceless jade dragon. All the dangerous, exciting choices are up to you!





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China!

The vast land that is an alluring mystery to everyone in the Western world is about to welcome you and Indiana Jones_{TM} on a magnificent adventure.

Your assignment: Locate a priceless jade dragon with diamond eyes.

By now, you're pretty good at helping Indy on his exciting missions. So maybe you think this one will be not easy exactly, but not as hard as your first quests.

How wrong you are! There's danger everywhere! Will hungry tigers have you for dinner? Are you going to be buried under the rubble of an earthquake? What about the vicious secret society that also wants the dragon?

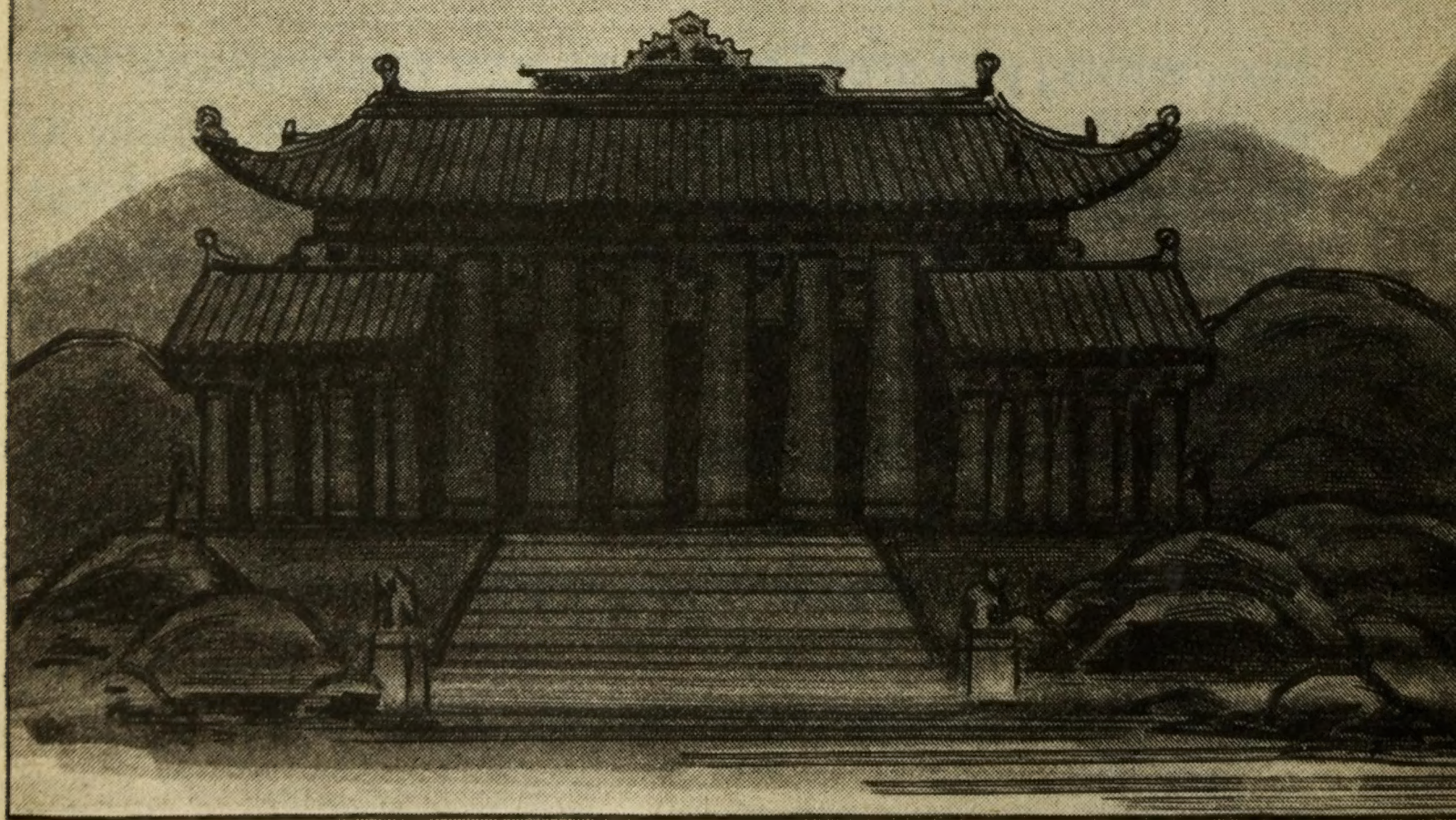
Don't let your guard down at all. You'll need all your skill and smarts to find the dragon and stay alive. That's what will happen if you make the right choices.

If you make the wrong choices, good-bye!

Have a good trip and stay alert!

INDIANA JONES™

and the
**DRAGON
OF VENGEANCE**



by Megan Stine & H. William Stine

Illustrated by
DAVID B. MATTINGLY

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INDIANA JONES_{TM} AND THE CUP OF THE VAMPIRE

RLI: VL:5 + up
IL: 6 + up

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*For Jake Schuster—
With fond wishes for a life of high adventure.*

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JONESTM
and the
DRAGON
OF VENGEANCE

Find Your FateTM #8



"It's now eleven o'clock," the man on the radio says in a serious voice. "Next you will hear a news roundup for today, June twenty-third, 1938."

The tall wooden radio stands next to the fireplace behind you, but you're not paying any attention to it. You're looking out of a ten-foot-high window in your hotel room and thinking about the detective show that just went off the air in a blaze of gunfire. Thirty-five floors below is New York, New York, the most exciting city in the world.

For as long as you can remember, you've stood at this window just before going to bed and watched the lights of the city. You've got the biggest and best room in the hotel, of course, and you've got it all to yourself. After all, the owner of the hotel just happens to be your father.

The telephone rings and you rush to grab it so the front desk won't pick it up. That's what usually happens after nine, because you're supposed to be asleep. The strange voice on the other end doesn't even wait for you to say hello.

"Indiana Jones, don't talk—just listen," a man with a raspy whisper says quickly into the phone. "Come to four fifty East Sixty-eighth Street. I *know* how to find it—the Dragon of Vengeance! And don't tell any—ARRRGGGGGHHH!..."

The man's choking scream is the last thing you hear. Then the line goes dead.

You're shaking when you hang up the phone. That scream gave you so much goose-flesh you're practically ready to honk.

Indiana Jones? You know him by sight. You've even seen him talking to your father. Jones is a world-famous archeologist and adventurer, and he stays at your father's hotel whenever he's in New York. The raspy-voiced man wanted Indiana Jones, but somehow he got *you* by mistake! Maybe Indy's staying at the hotel right now and the telephone operator got her wires crossed.

Hey, wait a minute. This is no mistake. It's the signal you've been waiting for! Danger and excitement, here you come at last! Now all you have to do is find your partner, Indiana Jones, and tell him about the phone call and the Dragon of Vengeance... whatever that is.

You rush down to the hotel registration desk.

"Is Indiana Jones checked into the hotel?" you ask the desk clerk.

"Room 2525," the clerk says.

That figures. Your room is 3535. Rhody, the telephone operator, made a mistake all right, because she refuses to wear her glasses. She says they make her look like a flounder.

"But he doesn't want to be disturbed by anyone," the clerk calls after you.

Too late. He's talking to the back of your head as you rush back to the elevator. You keep

ringing the buzzer and finally the elevator comes. But as you're about to step in, you see a man in the revolving door going out of the hotel. The man's wearing a beat-up brown leather jacket and a hat and he's got a bullwhip coiled over his right shoulder. Is it Indiana Jones?

.....
If you want to follow the man out the door, turn to page 10.

If you want to go up to Indy's room, turn to page 13.

"Westerner, you risk your life in the presence of the Dragon of Vengeance," the old man says.

"Since I'm holding both the Dragon and a gun, who's in more danger—you or me?" Indy says.

However, Indy doesn't have the Dragon for long because *you* grab it immediately. "Zow-eeee," you say with a whistle. "It's so beautiful and so light."

"It's *what*?!" Indy says.

Suddenly the old man pulls you by the hair so hard you drop the Dragon on the floor. Indy picks it up and then shakes his head. "So that's your game," Indy says. "The real jade Dragon with a diamond would have to weigh more than this. This is a fake. Where's the real stone?"

.....
Turn to page 118.

You're too fast for Lo Chong, and besides, you're not called the Slammer on your school's football team for nothing.

"Why did you kill John Penniman and what were you doing in Indiana Jones's cabin?" you ask, sitting on Lo Chong's chest while he tries to remember how it feels to breathe.

"You know Indiana Jones?" Lo Chong gasps.

"He and I are best friends," you say, since Indy isn't there to contradict you.

"Then you and I are friends too," Lo Chong says. "I did not kill Mr. Penniman, although I fear I am responsible for his death. But we cannot be seen talking. The people who killed my most honorable employer and tried to kidnap Mr. Jones would not think twice about killing me, too, as their enemy."

You're not sure you believe his words, but his face convinces you that he *is* scared to death of something. So you let Lo Chong stand up.

"I will contact you in Shanghai. Until then," he says, "remember this advice: Do not trust a man known as Ping Pong Fong."

Lo Chong runs down the hall, leaving you trying to figure out what the joke is.

.....
Turn to page 11.

The shimmer and glow of the green jade and its diamond are almost hypnotizing. The Dragon's form is fierce, poised to attack. It looks like its jaws could easily crush the faceted diamond in its mouth like a cracker.

But the old man's chanting has stopped and his instructions snap you back to reality. He is telling the warriors to retaliate for the White Tiger's latest attack, in which two more Golden Lotus were killed. Tonight for revenge, they must burn down the White Tigers' meeting house.

"And master, do not worry. We will make certain that Lo Chong is thought responsible," one of the warriors pledges.

The old man claps his hands and laughs. Then he picks up a painted porcelain tray with six pieces of a strange-looking raw meat.

"Eat the White Tiger. Devour our enemy," he chants. "Let the blood of the tiger mix with your blood so that you may know both the pain and pleasure of his death." As the tray is passed each kneeling warrior eats a piece of meat and then rises to perform a ritual martial arts exercise.

"Is that really raw tiger meat?" you whisper to Indy.

"No, they're just pretending it's tiger. It's probably dog," Indy says.

One by one, warriors jump high in the air, kicking at imaginary foes. They stomp their feet as they land and bump into the walls. They spin and shout, faster and faster. Finally, when each

man is sweating and frenzied, hungry for another bloody mission, the warriors leave by one door and the old man leaves by another. But in all the confusion, you've lost track of the Dragon of Vengeance. Suddenly you see the old man isn't wearing it.

"Hey, who's got the merchandise?" Indy says.

.....
If you want to follow the old man, turn to page 12.

If you want to follow the warriors, turn to page 22.

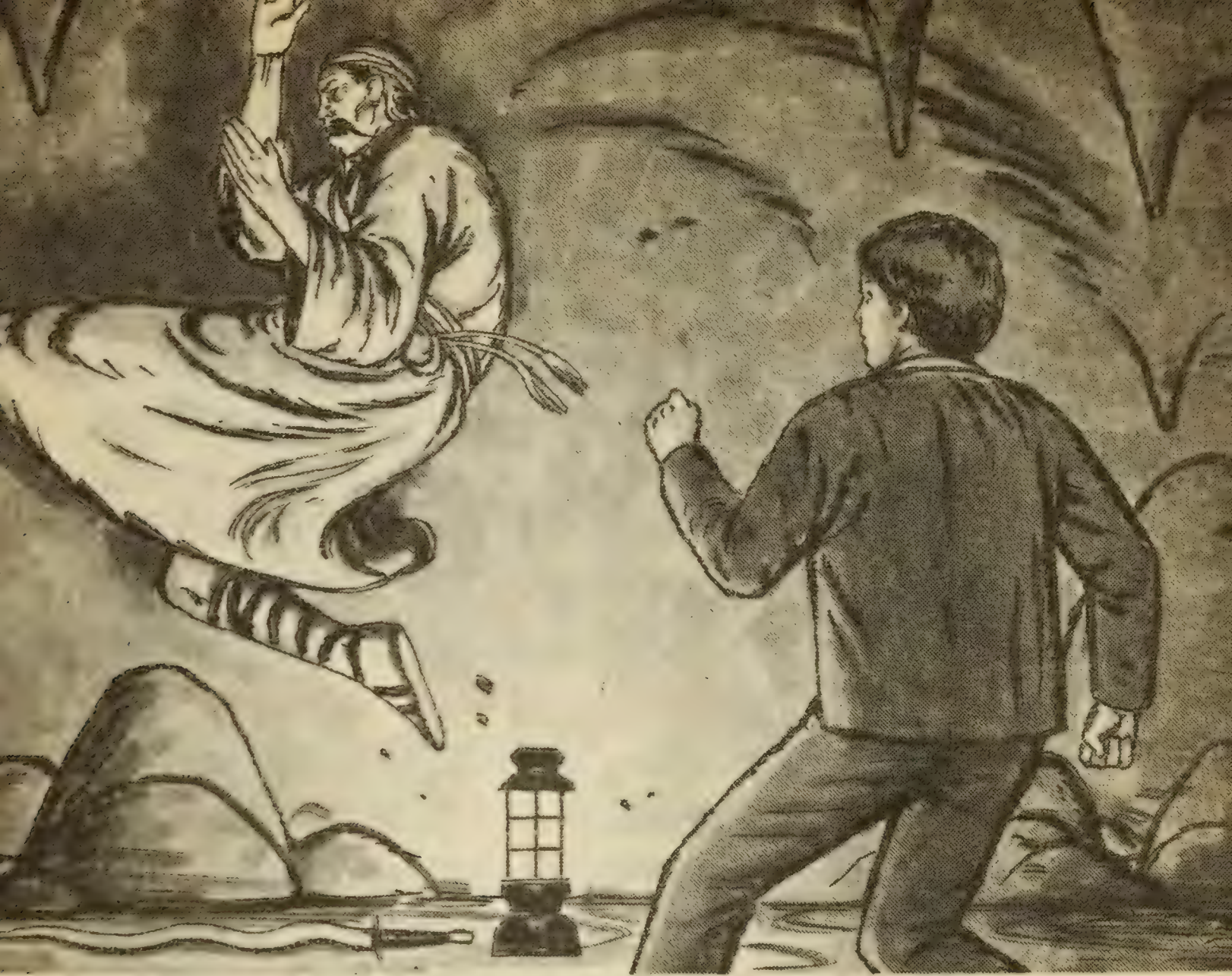


"You and I have a score to settle, old man. We'll see who's kissing steel at the end," Indy says, snapping the sword out of the leader's hand with a quick flash of his whip.

As before, the old man fights like a young trapped animal, but this time Indy darts and dodges the old man's attacks. Indy swings his elbow into the old man's chest and suddenly the gold silk robe is rolling through the cave dust. The old man stands up, surprised but ready to spring again. But suddenly he flings his long heavy robe over Indy's head and flees.

"Kid, where are you?" Indy says when he finally untangles himself from the robe. "Are you hurt, kid? What are you doing on your hands and knees?"

"Looking for something the old man



dropped but was running too fast to notice,” you say. There among the dirt and gravel you find the Dragon of Vengeance.

“Great work, kid,” Indy says, scooping the Dragon into his pocket. “Now let’s follow that old buzzard. He’s still the only one who knows how to get out of these caves.”

Head starts don’t mean so much when you run as slowly as the old man does. You catch up with him quickly and follow him out into daylight, where you’re blinded by two overwhelming sights: the sun...and the swords of a hundred Golden Lotus warriors who are waiting to ambush you.

.....
Turn to page 95:

Everything you've heard about Indiana Jones says he's a difficult man to keep up with. You're finding that out firsthand as you try to follow him through the busy sidewalks of New York.

Indy darts around people and across streets, ignoring traffic lights and blaring horns. Wherever he's going, he seems to be in a hurry, that's for sure. Before you know it, you're in a run-down neighborhood of streets littered with bums. Suddenly Indy turns into a narrow alley in the middle of the block.

Is he meeting someone? This is a perfect place for a secret meeting. No one in his right mind would come here at night on a bet.

You can still hear Indy's footsteps ahead of you, but it's very dark and you're not walking as fast as you were. Wild alley cats hiss at you and rats scurry in and out of metal garbage cans.

Suddenly you hear a scuffle in front of you and realize that there are other vermin lurking in the darkness too—vermin of a more deadly nature. You hear several pairs of shoes running, and then the sound of fists hitting flesh. A voice calls out in pain as a whip cracks.

Indy's in trouble!

.....
Turn to page 45.

When you get back to Indy's cabin, he's sitting at his desk, counting stacks of money under the yellow glow of a dim lamp. "Kid, you were right. Those guys had more cash than they needed. When's the last time you saw a bundle like this?" Indy says.

"My last birthday."

"You rich kids give me a pain," Indy says, stuffing the money in the bathroom sink pipes. "What's the matter with you? Why so low?"

"No—Lo Chong," you say. "I just saw him and he told me he didn't kill Penniman. He says the people who did are after him, too. I don't know what to think now."

"There's only one thing to think now, kid," Indy says, stretching out on the bed with his shoes on and his hat over his face. "We'll get it all straight when we get to China."

"I'm going to go find him again," you say.

"Kid, be smart. Those guys aren't going to like us holding their money for them. So we'd better stay invisible for the rest of the trip, if you catch my drift."

.....
Turn to page 44.

The frail old man walks bent over, weighted and slowed by his long golden robe. It would be easy to overtake him, but wiser, in Indy's opinion, to see where he's going.

He uses a long carved stick to walk and chooses his steps carefully going up a mountain trail that leads to a large, ancient stone temple at the very top.

At the door of the temple the old man removes his shoes, adjusts his robe, turns to look behind him, and then enters.

.....

If you want to wait and watch to see what he's going to do, turn to page 18.

If you want to enter the temple and try to take the Dragon away from him, turn to page 27.

You step into the elevator, deciding that the man leaving the hotel couldn't possibly be Indiana Jones. This is New York City. Indiana wouldn't go around with a bullwhip (unless he were going to take the subway).

From outside Indy's suite, you hear furniture and glass ashtrays being knocked over and smashed. Indy must be in trouble!

You reach immediately for your passkey, the one your dad told you to use only in an emergency. This is enough of an emergency for you!

You open the door and there stands Indiana Jones, alone, in long underwear and his famous battered hat. "Hey, kid, close that door!" he yells.

You slam the door and look around at what's left of the sitting room. "What are you doing to my dad's hotel?!" you blurt out.

"I'm looking for Daisy," Indy says, getting down on the floor, "a rare species of tarantula I'm bringing back for a friend. Don't move, kid!"

Indy suddenly jumps up and takes a swipe at your right shoulder. The tarantula goes flying and lands in a small glass tank, which Indy covers.

"She must have climbed up your back. She's pretty friendly," Indy says with a laugh.

You wipe your forehead and start to deliver your message. "I just got a phone call in my room. The man thought he was calling you. He said he knew how to find the Dragon of Vengeance. Then he screamed and the line went dead."

“Did this man speak in a rough whisper?”
Indy says.

“Yeah—how did you know?” you say.

Indy gets dressed quickly as you give him other details of the phone call. He doesn’t say anything else, just a “Thanks, kid” before he heads for the door.

“Wait! I’m coming with you,” you say.

Indy smiles, looking at you. “No, kid,” he says. “The Dragon of Vengeance is a big one—a really big one. The man on the phone waited a lifetime for this chance and now he’s passing it on to me. I don’t need any extra baggage.”

But you’re standing in front of the door and you won’t move.

“Okay, kid, go get my hat,” Indy says.

You run into the bedroom. This is too great—it can’t be happening to you.

Just then the bedroom door slams behind you and Indy locks you in. “I’m already wearing my hat, kid,” Indy says. “Sorry, but I’ve got to do this alone.”

“That’s okay,” you shout, reaching for your passkey again.

Too bad Indy didn’t notice that his bedroom door locks—and unlocks—from both sides!

.....
If you want to follow Indy, turn to page 30.
If you want to go through his room instead,
turn to page 36.

You wait two weeks in China for Indy, wondering whether he's too crazy even to come. Then one day he just appears, sitting under his hat in the lobby of your hotel in Shanghai. You rush over to him and put your mouth in high gear, telling him everything you heard on the train about the Dragon and then asking him what took him so long.

Indy says, "Let's just say that whatever those Chinese guys did to me on the ship has finally worn off. And am I relieved—I must've been crazy. I'm glad you didn't give up on me, kid."

While you're sitting in the hotel lobby, a familiar scarred face comes into view. Indy jumps to his feet and you do the same.

"Well, Lo Chong, you're a long way from Sixty-eighth Street," Indy says, grabbing him by the throat. "Now I want to hear how my friend Penniman died. And don't leave out the important details—like *who did it!*"

.....
Turn to page 56.



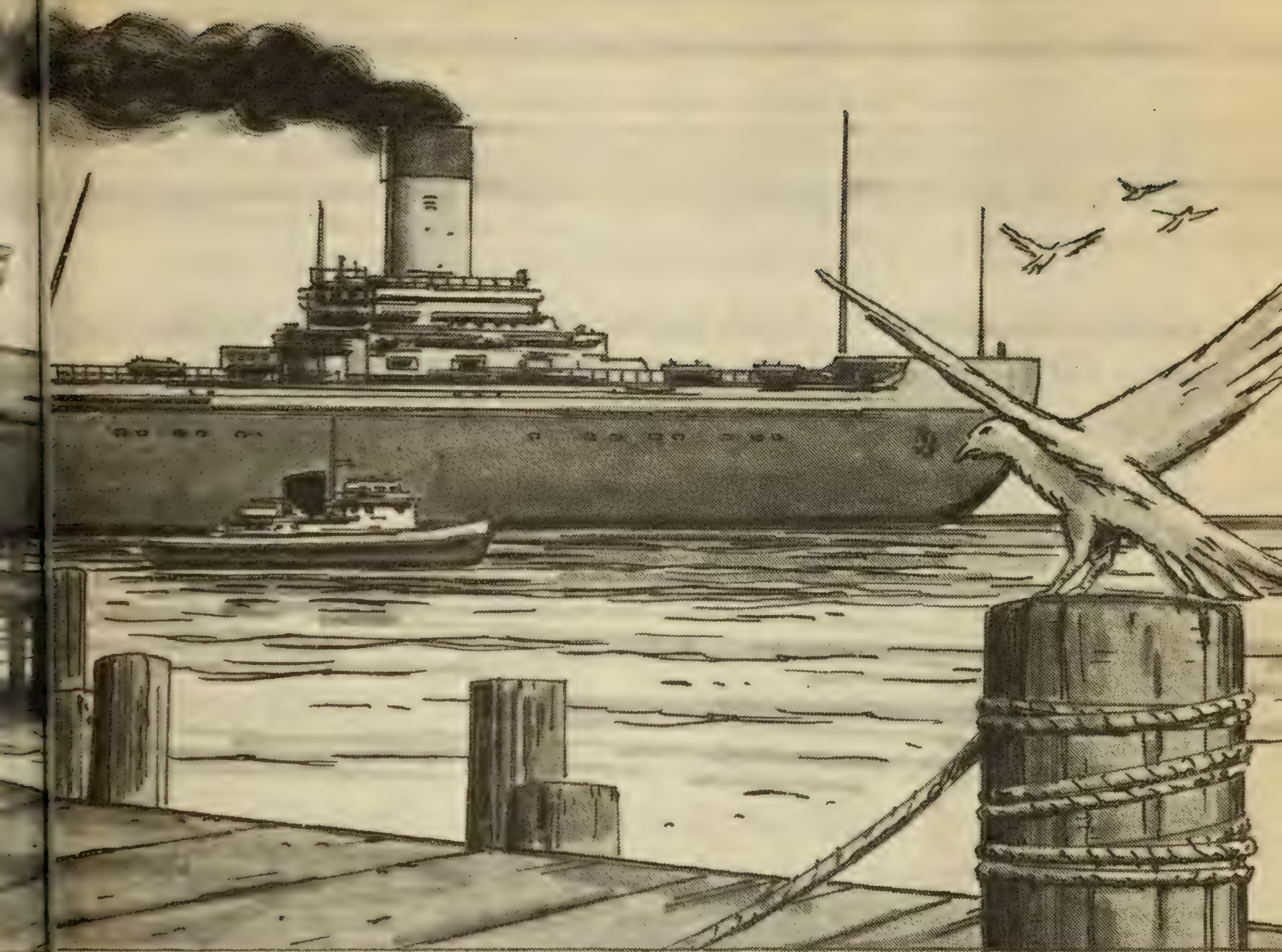
You shove your way through the crowds on the dock. Somehow you've got to get onto the *Kalkoun* and rescue Indy. You stop the first cop you see.

"What are you so worked up about, bucko?" Police Sergeant O'Donnell asks.

"Indy, Indy," you say, pointing wildly to the departing *Kalkoun*. You're so out of breath and excited that you can hardly talk.

"What's the matter? Don't you speak English?" Sergeant O'Donnell says. "Hey, you aren't from India—that foreign diplomat's kid, are you?"

"Indy," you say again slowly, trying to play your cards right.



“Sure—you must be the kid they’re looking for. So what were you up to that you missed the boat, you little monkey? Never mind—I’ve got to get you on that ship before we have an international situation on our hands.”

Within half an hour you’re walking the decks of the *Kalkoun*, courtesy of the United States Coast Guard. And the first people you see, strolling right next to you on deck, are the two young Chinese guys who kidnapped Indiana Jones.

.....
If you want to follow them, turn to page 24.
If you want to try to find Indy instead, turn to page 28.

Sitting on Indy's shoulders, you're just the right height to look through an archway into the stone temple. You watch as the Golden Lotus's ancient leader begins what seems to be an ancient ceremony.

First he removes the Dragon of Vengeance from his pocket and puts it around his neck, swaying and chanting an eerie prayer. Then he opens a stone drawer in the middle of a wall on the far side of the room. The old man places the Dragon into the drawer, prays again, and closes it with another touch of his pale, bony hand.

After the Lotus leader leaves, you and Indy creep into the room. The location of that drawer has burned into your eyes—twenty stones from the left and eight stones from the floor.

You press the stone and the drawer slides open under your touch as well. "It's empty!" you shout.

Then you hear laughter behind you. The old man is standing in the doorway tossing a ball lightly in his hands. He smiles and tosses it to you.

"Don't catch it, kid. Run!" Indy shouts, but not in time to shut off your outfielder's instincts. You catch the ball, which turns out to be heavy metal—heavy enough to trigger the weight-sensitive trap door you're standing on. You, Indy and the stone trap door fall twenty feet straight down into a dark, airless cave.

.....

Turn to page 34.

At nine the next morning, Mr. French and his ugly shadows, Pug and Jersey, follow you into the basement of the Bank of New York.

"Indiana Jones's deposit box," you say, showing Indy's key to a guard.

"No can do," the guard says, shaking his head.

"Open it or the kid gets it," Mr. French says, putting the large revolver to your head.

The guard takes one look at the gun and leads you to a far corner of the room. But the door he opens isn't a regular safe deposit box. It's the door of a private vault.

"We'll take it from here," Mr. French says, hitting the guard on the head.

You step over the guard's body and beyond the open metal door into the treasure room, which Indiana Jones has filled with his rarest finds. At the back of the vault is another open door leading into a dim, twisting tunnel.

Suddenly Mr. French screams. You turn and see him jumping up and down, laughing and crying at the same time. In his hands is a glowing smooth silver hammer. Pug and Jersey are pawing through boxes of ancient jewelry. With no one watching you, now's your chance to get away!

.....
If you want to hide in the tunnel, turn to page 31.

If you want to see the Hammer open the monolith on Batoga Island, turn to page 60.

You walk into Indy's room and snap on the light. Immediately your legs turn to rubber bands. There's a Bengal tiger sitting on the bed! It springs, just missing you as you dive into a closet and slam the door tight. But in seconds, the wood of the closet door splinters around you and a paw crashes through.

"EEEYYAAA!"

What was that? You peek through the hole and see Indy, running into the room. One minute he's cracking his whip and screaming at the top of his voice. The next he's forcing the cat back and yelling at you to toss him the blowgun from his duffle. You hand him the hollow bamboo shaft and in one quick motion Indy blows a direct hit to the tiger's neck.

"Nap time," Indy says, tossing the tranquilizer gun on his bed. He hoists the sleeping tiger onto his shoulders, carries it down the hall and kicks in a cabin door.

.....
Turn to page 35.



"We'll follow these guys just long enough to see if anyone splits off from the group," Indy says. "If one of them has the Dragon, he'll have to go hide it somewhere. If they all stick together, it means they left the Dragon with the old man," Indy explains.

After another mile of shadows and trees, you arrive at the White Tigers' temple and the Golden Lotus go in.

"Looks like we chose wrong," you say. "Maybe we can still catch up with the old man and take the stone."

"Not so fast, kid," Indy says, turning down a dark street.

First Indy wants to pay a call on the White Tigers to warn them that the Lotus are coming. But that sounds like a bad idea to you. "Hey, Ping Pong Fong was a White Tiger and he never gave *us* any warning," you say.

"We're trying to stop a war, kid. We've got to start saving some lives somewhere," Indy says. "Besides, in my line of work we like to preserve ancient buildings—not stand by and watch them burn to the ground."

So you warn the White Tigers and then hurry to catch up with the old man.

"Of course at the rate he's walking, we've got time to stop for something to eat," Indy jokes.

.....
Turn to page 12.

You and Indy both kneel before the old man and kiss the cold steel blade. The instant your lips taste the blade, your back shivers and you feel a sense of power you've never felt before.

The old man then leads you to a secret and eerie room where the Dragon of Vengeance has been hidden. He puts it around his neck once again and bids you to follow him to meet your brother warriors.

But just as you're about to step out of the mountain and into fresh dawn air, Indy takes a sudden deep breath. Then in a single swift movement, he grabs the Dragon and knocks the old man unconscious.

"Time to run for our lives, kid," he says, dangling the Dragon from his hand.

However, in a single swift movement of your own, you sweep up the old man's sharp sword and back Indy to the cave wall, the blade pressed against his chest. "I made a vow and I am Golden Lotus now. Give me the Dragon or die," you say, pressing the blade a little harder.

.....
Turn to page 110.

Do they know that you're following them? Do they know that you're listening to every word they say? (Too bad it's all in Chinese.) The taller one with the thick glasses does most of the talking. The shorter one, who had the club, does most of the listening and agreeing. They don't talk or look at anyone else. They just walk along as though they don't have a care in the world. What does that mean? Is Indy already dead?

They buy some magazines and some gum and then disappear into cabin 208, shutting you out with a snap of the lock.

Well, as your father always says, "You've got money, so use it—but don't forget you've got a brain, too."

Down the hall there is a loud clatter of silver dishes on a silver tray. A sleepy ship's porter almost dropped a tray of food. "Hey! It's impersonation time!" you think.

Five minutes later you knock on the door of 208 wearing the porter's white jacket and carrying the tray. The door opens slowly. And here's your first surprise. The two Chinese men have taken off their robes and put on American three-piece suits.

Your second surprise is they don't seem to mind getting food they didn't order.

"Hi," you say stepping in with a smile almost too large for your face. "Here's your food. Are you comfortable? Do you have everything you need here? Hey—spiffy ties. Let me show you how everything works," you say, and start

opening up every door, drawer, and closet in their room.

"For example, this is a closet. And behind this other door we have—aha!... a bathroom... an empty bathroom.

"I also want to be sure you know how to use these drawer handles," you say, moving to the large desk. "Don't be afraid to just *pull* on them like this—"

Suddenly your voice freezes. One of the desk drawers is crammed full with stacks of money. And on top of the money is a heavy, dull-black metal object, commonly known as a gun. "Well, look at this," you say, spinning around and pointing the gun directly at the two men.

"And look at *this*," the man with the thick glasses says, pointing a revolver at you and cocking its hammer. "Except *mine* is loaded."

.....
If you want to call his bluff and fire your gun, turn to page 51.

If you don't think he's bluffing, turn to page 68.

The old man, his robe stretched behind him as it drags on the cold stone floor, moves slowly through the temple. He stops. You and Indy are fifteen feet behind him, and you stop too.

"Of course you want the Dragon," the old man says, still with his back to you.

"The easy way or the hard way?" Indy asks.

The old man turns around so that you can see the Dragon is again hanging on the gold cord around his neck. He slowly stretches out his arm in a gesture of defeat and says, "Take what you have come so far for."

Each time you take a step forward, the old man, yellowed and frail like old parchment,



smiles at you. But as you begin to slip the precious jade from around his neck, he leaps up and gives you a lightning-bolt kick to the chest that sends you flying through the air. You land but you can't get up because you're in so much pain. At least two ribs have been broken.

Indy charges the old man but he grabs Indy and flips him through the air like a dead chicken. Is this an old man or a demon?

.....
Turn to page 107.

You check the passenger list to find Indy's cabin and then you knock on the door.

"Come in," says a voice—a voice that sounds like Indy's, but not exactly.

You poke your head in first. There's Indy, sitting at his desk, looking at his toothbrush by a dim light, the only light in the room.

"What're you doing here, kid?" Indy says.

"I saw those two guys grab you and I thought you were in trouble," you say. "Are you?"

"Trouble? Me?" Indy laughs and waves his toothbrush. "Those guys were all right, kid. We just had a little drink together, that's all."

"Did they try to drug you?" you ask.

"Naw—why would they want to drug me?" Indy says. "Those guys were sweethearts."

Oh, brother. Indy's eyes are glazed thicker than a doughnut. Those Chinese guys have done *something* to him, but what?

"So it's still full steam ahead after the Dragon of Vengeance?" you ask, turning on a light or two so you can see.

"The Dragon can sit on its tail for another couple of centuries, kid. I'm going after something bigger! It's the chance of a lifetime!"

.....
Turn to page 29.

"Kid, I know where to find the Fishhead Vessel of King Khataam," Indy says. "It's a thing of beauty, kid. The length of a silver fish forms the stem of the cup and the fish's mouth is the bowl. Do you know whose lips touched that bowl? An Egyptian king 2,000 years ago. The vessel has history, and magic, too, kid."

"But, Indy, this ship's going to India. It'll take forever to get to Egypt from there," you say.

"That's why we're getting off this tub pronto," Indy says, running out of the room.

You finally catch up with him again in the radio room of the ship.

"Kid, we're in luck. There are two ships we'll cross paths with in a few days. Either of them will make it easier to get to Egypt," Indy says excitedly. "One's a German freighter headed for Italy. And the other's a Spanish whaler that's headed home to Spain in a few days. Which boat do you want to hop?"

.....
If you want to go on the German freighter, turn to page 47.

If you want to go on the Spanish whaling boat, turn to page 50.

You're out of Indy's room and down the hall just in time to see the elevator door close with him in it. The next elevator gets you to the lobby just as Indy hops into a cab. You're still second in the race, but you're catching up. You jump into a cab, too, and tell the driver, "Follow that car!"

The driver turns around and looks at you. "I don't know why they let you kids go to movies," he says with a sigh. But he floors the accelerator and takes off.

"Hey—I thought I locked you up. How'd you get out?" Indy asks when your cab pulls up on Sixty-eighth Street right behind his.

"Passkey," you say, using the key again to enter the apartment.

The apartment is large, silent, and dark. Indy tells you to stay put in the entryway, which means you give him to a count of five and then follow him.

"Don't come in here, kid," Indy says from the study. But it's too late. You've already seen the worst—a dead man slumped over his desk, the telephone still locked in his hand. Whoever killed him knew how to do it, and how to make it hurt.

.....
Go on to page 76.

Dirt walls wrap you up like a hard, cold, damp towel as you squeeze through the narrow passageway taking you who knows where. But at least you're escaping from Mr. French and his muscle-bound bookends.

Suddenly the walls of the passageway rumble and shake. A small avalanche of dirt and pebbles falls in your face. Earthquake? Dynamite explosion? What's happening here?

It hits louder, harder, and closer the next time so you make your way faster. You don't want Indy's secret vault to be your secret tomb.

You can hear faint voices through the rock. Maybe they're buried alive too...you won't know until you get to them.

But you may never get to them. A minute later a third blast hits with a terrifying rumble and roar.

.....
Turn to page 42.

"Kid, maybe there's no honor in retreat, but sometimes you live a little longer that way," Indy says, starting to crawl back through the tunnel again.

"OUCH! I smashed my head crawling into a wall!" you shout.

Indy crawls toward you—not to make sure you're okay, but to pound on the wall with his fist. Then, like a hyperactive dog, he starts digging the dirt from the wall with his hands.

"There's something behind this dirt!" Indy says.

After minutes of scraping at the wall with your raw hands, you uncover a heavy iron door. An iron door the way they *used* to make iron doors. You and Indy, both pulling with all your strength, can't open it. Indy pulls out a tool and starts prying at the hinge.

"I don't want to go in there," you suddenly announce, backing away from the door.

"Trust me, kid. I promise there isn't a surprise jack-in-the-box waiting for you this time," Indy says.

The door finally yields and you and Indy enter the black room. The air is stale and thin. The floor crunches under your feet. It's not a good feeling. It's a horrible sound. While you stand in one place, Indy feels around the room and finds a couple of oil lamps. Then you wait to regain your normal vision.

But the sights in this room are not normal. The floor is littered with bones, human skeletons picked clean by rats, whose skeletons are there as well.

"I was right. Let's get out of here," you say.

But Indy's eyes have been kidnapped by a vision. He is staring across the room at a small alcove. In it, resting on a purple satin pillow with a gold embroidered lotus blossom, is the Dragon of Vengeance.

"We've found the temple's secret elevator shaft," Indy shouts, walking forward to grab the Dragon.

The instant Indy gets four feet from the Dragon, there is a spring and then a whoosh. An ancient wood catapult in the corner flings an enormous rock through the air right at the back of Indy's head.

You scream—but Indy already ducked. He was expecting it. However, he isn't quite fast enough and the edge of the flying rock clips the side of his head, knocking him unconscious.

When he finally comes to, the first thing he sees is the Dragon of Vengeance swinging from its cord around your neck.

Indy has "slept" through the night and now daylight glows through the tunnels in the mountain. It's easy now to find your way to an exit—that's not the trouble. The trouble is waiting for you *outside* the mountain. A crowd of Golden Lotus—so many gold robes it looks like a sunrise—are standing on the hillside waiting to attack you and Indiana Jones.

.....

If you want to fight them, turn to page 39.

If you want to surrender, at least for now, turn to page 95.

When you come to, you're still holding the heavy metal ball. You shake the cobwebs from your head and drop the ball to the ground.

"Ouch! What's the big idea, kid?" Indy shouts in the dark.

The Dragon! You suddenly remember. You saw the old man put it in the secret drawer with your own eyes. Where did it go?

"It was there, all right, kid," Indy explains. "The secret drawer is really the shaft of a small mechanical elevator. I've seen this device before. The elevator takes the Dragon down and deposits it in a vault on a lower level. Then that vault could be anywhere beneath the temple."

"Great, let's look for it," you say.

"Sure, but which way do we go? If I know my mountaintop temples, this one's got enough twisting underground tunnels to keep us lost till we die."

"Die? Look, Indy. I can see moonlight at the end of that tunnel over there. Let's just follow that one and get out of here," you say.

"There's one more thing about these underground tunnels, kid. You can count on them being booby-trapped," Indy says. "Especially the exits."

"They don't make it easy, do they," you say with a sigh.

.....
If you want to follow the tunnel that goes straight out, turn to page 64.

If you want to follow a tunnel that leads deeper into the mountain, turn to page 74.

A woman with a long beard jumps up as you burst into her room. "You the owner of the Polish Circus?" Indy says, dropping the tiger on the floor. "I brought back sleeping beauty for you."

"But I thought the two Chinese gentlemen who rented him were taking him back to the United States. 'We're going to give it to Indiana,' they said," the woman explains.

"They had the right cat but the wrong mouse," Indy says.

As you walk back to Indy's cabin you explain about having seen Lo Chong leaving it. Then you hear: "Message for Mr. Jones. Message for Mr. Jones." The loud deep voice belongs to a man about three feet tall, wearing a red uniform and carrying an envelope on a small silver tray.

Indy picks up the sealed envelope but doesn't open it. He tells the short man, "I don't have my glasses. What does the message say?"

The little man blushes red but Indy's money flashes green, so the porter announces, "Come to the boiler room immediately."

"That's what I like about this ship—you never have to ruin your eyesight. Come on, kid. Feel like a steambath?" Indy says, leading the way.

.....
Turn to page 114.

You're out of Indy's bedroom, fast and slick. Doesn't he know the hotel owner's kid would have a passkey? If Indy doesn't want you along on this adventure, it might not be so bad on the sidelines—at least until he comes back to his hotel room. He doesn't realize that there's a golden opportunity right at your fingertips. There's a trunk that could be full of incredible treasures Indy's been collecting lately. Why not take a quick look to see? Fortunately, Indy made it easy for you. He ran out so quickly that he left his keys sitting on the dresser!

The first thing you find when you unlock the trunk is a gold ring marked "Aztec magic ring found on severed bone finger of chieftain." Certainly he wouldn't mind if you try it on just for a second.

What's this in a velvet pouch? A cough drop-sized red jewel marked "The Ada Ruby, 200 A.D."

You pass the time looking at bags of rusty ancient amulets, a vial of water from the lost fountain of youth, a diamond headdress in a bowling bag, and a baseball autographed by Lou Gehrig.

While you're examining the stuff, the door to the room suddenly swings open and a burly man in a black mask leaps in.

"Give me the Hammer of the Monolith," he barks, pointing a machine gun at you.

.....
Turn to page 66.

Your flight through the air ends in an abrupt ocean landing. You immediately start kicking your feet and moving your arms. That may be a great way to swim—but in killer-shark-infested water, it's like ringing a dinner bell.

Chomp-chomp. Munch-munch. Squish-squish. Boy-oh-boy—are you a delicious meal!

THE END

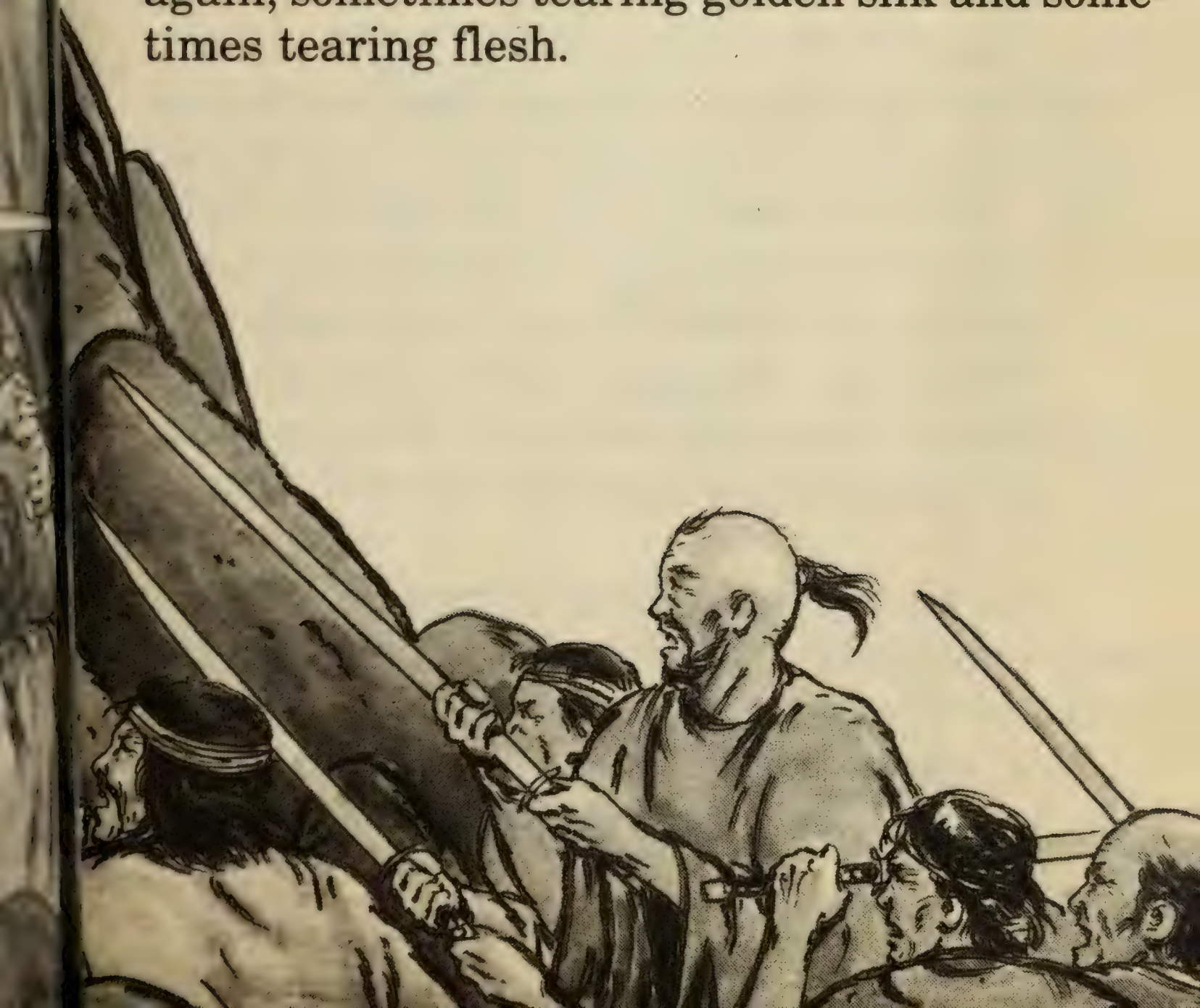


Indy pushes you safely back into the tunnel, while the Golden Lotus warriors approach slowly up the mountain, spreading out to come at him from all sides.

"I don't suppose you guys would like to do this in alphabetical order," Indy says, trying to keep calm.

The first warrior, the bravest and strongest, rushes Indy by himself, shouting and swinging his sword above his head like a propeller. Indy ducks low and pulls the warrior's feet out from under him. The warrior's head crunches on a rock as he falls backward. One down... and now at least Indy has a sword.

More rush up the mountain, but not all at the same time so that Indy has to look everywhere at once. He swings his sword again and again, sometimes tearing golden silk and sometimes tearing flesh.



"Start hitting them with rocks!" Indy shouts to you and you immediately start throwing every stone, rock, and pebble you can lift at the warriors. Your rocks start a chain reaction of more loose rocks. Some as big as bowling balls go bouncing off the side of the mountain and down on the Golden Lotus. They are skipping, tripping, falling over the rocks but the Golden Lotus are still coming at Indy.

Then Indy throws rocks too—grapefruit-size rocks into the loose, wide sleeves of the Golden Lotus's robes. Little things mean a lot. The warriors can't swing as straight or fast with stones in their sleeves and one after another they fall or drop their swords.

But seventy more warriors are still coming at you.

Suddenly from out of the early morning sky, a large bird swoops, diving right at Indy. Its glistening talons are open. Indy is being attacked by a hawk! You look at the rock pile near Indy's feet and realize that during the fight, Indy has accidentally upset the enormous bird's nest, spilling its eggs all over the ground.

While Indy struggles with the large bird, the Golden Lotus warriors seize their opportunity, surrounding you near the top of the mountain.

But then you see that things aren't what they seem. Indy is fighting like mad *to hold on* to the bird, not to push it away. He's got it by its feet, above its sharp talons. And while the bird flaps frantically, trying to fly, Indy quickly

slips the golden cord holding the Dragon of Vengeance around the bird's neck!

Then Indy lifts the bird away from him for everyone to see. "Go ahead—kill me, you animals! I'll release the bird and you'll never see your precious Dragon of Vengeance again!" Indy shouts. Suddenly everyone freezes. The only sounds are the angry screams of the prisoner bird.

.....
Turn to page 86.

Suddenly the rumbling stops and everything is quiet. You turn a corner in the tunnel and see an opening ahead. It's a window in a door and the door opens on a stairway. You take the stairs two at a time and land in a dark pit.

"Hey, you. Get off the tracks. You want to kill yourself?" a voice shouts.

Hands pull you up quickly—onto the platform of an uptown subway! What a trick! Indiana Jones made sure his private vault had an escape hatch, right into the New York subway system!

So you catch the express train back to your hotel, and you're home safe in your room within fifteen minutes.

THE END

One second you're in the air . . . the next second you're dunked in the cold Atlantic Ocean, hundreds of feet from the faint light of the ship.

The burning *Kalkoun* rolls over quickly and slips under the water. Like toys in a bathtub, the survivors bob in the choppy frigid water, clinging to life preservers, to lifeboats, to floating pieces of the ship, and to their slim chances of being saved.

Your fingers are getting numb from clutching at the broken wooden crate that is keeping you afloat. It's hard to know just how long you can keep holding on.

You think you hear something, something like a man's voice. Then the voice calls out again, calling to you—in *Chinese*! You close your eyes. It's the worst thing that could happen now. You've been found, all right—by one of the warriors of the Golden Lotus!

But when the boat draws near, it's Indiana Jones's smiling face you see through the fog. "Couldn't resist giving you a scare, kid," Indy says with a laugh, pulling you into the lifeboat. Good old Indy! He's even got a blanket for you to wrap up in.

.....
Turn to page 44.

By the time you and Indy get to Shanghai three weeks later, you are tired, filthy, and hungry. The only good thing about the difficult trip is that Indy says you've grown on him like his beard—slowly. He says you were scratchy and irritating at first, but then just like another part of him.

Shanghai, however, doesn't exactly open its arms to greet you. Everywhere you look you find the face of hostility. Japanese soldiers walk the streets, holding parts of the city under siege. The Chinese people hurry past you and everyone has an eye on everyone else.

But as you and Indy look for a hotel, a Chinese man in a white suit stops you on the street. With a smile on his face, he slips his hand into his inside coat pocket. Indy reaches for his whip, but the man pulls out a Hershey bar and gives it to you.

He says to Indiana, "Some appetites are satisfied with sweets. If you seek dragons instead, I can help you. You know my address. My name is Fong." Then he bows and disappears quickly into the crowd before Indy can say anything.

You unwrap the candy bar and find an address, twenty-three Canton Street, scratched in the chocolate.

.....

If you talked to Lo Chong on the ship, you'll want to stay away from Fong. Turn to page 49.

If you didn't talk to Lo Chong, turn to page 46.

You race toward the fight at the end of the alley. It's too dark to see faces, but you can see the outlines of bodies thanks to a dim light bulb over the back door of a building.

What you see in silhouette is three large men against Indy. Two of them are holding him from behind. The biggest man stands in front, about to change Indy's face with a meaty fist.

Could this have something to do with the Dragon of Vengeance?

Without thinking, you leap onto the back of the man with the raised fist. He grabs you, says something in a foreign language, and then throws you into the blackness outside of the light bulb's dim beam.

You land against a wall, dazed and hurt. For a couple of seconds you see two of everything—including what looks like the flash of two knives. Finally your vision clears in time to see the man in front hit Indy twice on the head. Then he quickly takes something from inside Indy's jacket. Once he has it, the other two guys let go of Indy's arms and the three of them are gone before Indy falls to the ground.

You rush over to the body, holding your breath, afraid that you've just witnessed the murder of Indiana Jones.

.....
Turn to page 101.

A rickshaw driver carries you to the entrance of Canton Street, collects his money, and runs off.

Twenty-three Canton Street, your destination, is a butcher shop, with pig and chicken carcasses hanging in the window.

Inside, a wrinkled old man takes one look at you and motions for you to follow him behind a beaded curtain and up an uneven flight of stairs. At the top he points toward a sliding bamboo door and retreats.

In a dim room, smoky from oil lamps, Mr. Fong waits for you. "Ah, Mr. Jones. And your bodyguard?"

"It's pretty late for me to be out by myself," Indy says. "Seen any good dragons lately?"

"Mr. Jones, in Shanghai I am called Ping Pong Fong, a name I find distasteful. And yet it shows a certain understanding that I can bounce to both sides of the table. I can help you, if you will help me. In short, we will pay you generously to help us recover the Dragon of Vengeance."

"I'm not very fond of team sports," Indy says.

"Then I will take great delight in torturing the information I want from you," Fong says.

.....
Turn to page 65.

When the *Kalkoun* is within a few miles of the German freighter, Indy radios that he's coming. Then he bribes a *Kalkoun* crewman to row you over. The German ship, the *Goethe*, looks like it's been through a war. Its sides are unpainted, unscrapped, and battered.

A tall man, straight and thin, meets you and Indy as you climb on board. He is wearing a crisply starched brown uniform with a bright Nazi swastika armband. He clicks the heels of his high-gloss boots before saluting you and says, "Welcome, Indiana Jones. It is an honor to meet you. My name is Commander Ruch. Allow me to escort you on a tour."

"Indy, wake up. This isn't just a freighter. These palookas are Nazis," you whisper.

"Not so loud, kid. You don't want to hurt their feelings," Indy answers you.

The more Commander Ruch won't show you, the more you realize that nothing is as it appears on this ship, especially the cargo. Finally Indy sneaks away for a few minutes. When he returns, he announces that the ship is transporting enough weapons and ammunition to take on Europe!

"We are taking weapons to our Third Reich brothers in Austria and Czechoslovakia," the commander explains.

"You mean the brothers you just acquired when you stormed their countries," Indy says.

The commander stares coldly at Indy. But then, as though he had waited until he could swallow something, Ruch smiles and says, "Tell

me, Mr. Jones, what are you and your young companion doing here? Certainly you are not on, as you Americans say, 'a pleasure cruise.'"

"The kid and I are after the Fishhead Vessel of King Khataam," Indy says in a low voice.

The commander stares at you again. "You are, as you Americans say, 'pulling my knee.'"

Indy comes closer to the commander and speaks even more softly. "The vessel is about two thousand years old. The ancient scrolls say that when a king drinks from it, it gives him great power. But if anyone other than a true king drinks from it, the fishmouth bowl will bite him."

"Mr. Jones, I sincerely believe that the Führer would find this vessel you speak of very useful in our cause. And we could be a great help to you in your search for it. Would you care to meet our leader when we dock?" Ruch says.

"Sure thing," Indy says without hesitating.

Meet Adolf Hitler? Indy is definitely nuts! You don't know whether to hide your face in shame or just jump overboard. But now you've got a more important decision to make.

.....

If you want to meet Hitler, turn to page 78.

If you don't, turn to page 100.

You give the candy bar a big chomp. Ahhh, the delicious taste of good old home cooking. "I'll take his chocolate, but he can keep his information," you tell Indy.

"What are you talking about, kid?" Indy says, breaking off a corner square of candy.

"Indy, when I met Lo Chong on the ship, he told me he'd contact us in Shanghai, but he said to stay away from someone named Ping Pong Fong."

"Okay, we'll wait in the hotel for Lo Chong to find us," Indy agrees.

Lo Chong shows up at your hotel a few hours later. He gives you a friendly greeting, but Indy yanks him by the collar and seats him in a chair in world-record time.

"I stopped by Penniman's town house the other night. It wasn't a pretty sight. Where were you?" Indy snarls, his face six inches from Lo's.

.....
Turn to page 56.

Indy rows like mad in a small lifeboat you've "borrowed" from the *Kalkoun*. You're headed toward the Spanish whaler, the *Pescador*.

"I don't understand why we're giving up on the Dragon of Vengeance before we've even started," you say.

"This is bigger, kid. It's bigger," is all he says, with a faraway look in his eyes.

As soon as you climb on board you realize that something is wrong. The captain of the *Pescador*, Emilio Porque, orders his sailors to go through your pockets and take whatever they want. After that he disappears below deck with Indy.

When the captain is gone, the sailors grab your arms. Then a sailor with one ear pulls your head back, and another one pours brandy down your throat. When they finally let you go, your legs are like pudding. They lean you up in front of a wooden door.

You're so drunk you can barely see, but you can *hear*. Something's whizzing past your face. Thwack! Thwack! They're throwing knives—and *you're their target!*

Finally Indy returns—just in time to save you. He takes in the whole situation in a cool-eyed glance and shouts, "What's the matter with you pansies? Don't you know how to throw a knife?" Indy draws a dagger, shuts his eyes tight, and starts to throw.

.....
Turn to page 81.

You squeeze the trigger and your gun goes off loudly. Then the man with the thick glasses drops his revolver and clutches at his shoulder as blood begins to soak through his suit.

You've actually shot a man. You want to apologize, you want to see if he's all right, but stronger instincts take over and you run out of the cabin like a rabbit, still holding the gun. Everything's a blur. Voices are shouting, passengers are chasing you, and porters' arms are grabbing at you.

Suddenly your feet tangle as you trip over someone's outstretched leg and crash to the floor. The ship's captain steps over you and pulls you to your feet by your hair.

"You're in a lot of trouble," he says. "You young hoodlums can do what you want on land, but you can't go shooting up the paying customers—not on my ship. I know how to deal with you."

.....
If you want to explain to the captain about Indy and the Chinese guys, turn to page 54.

If you'd rather just make a run for it, turn to page 55.



The tunnel to the right slopes sharply downhill, deeper and colder into the mountain. As you walk you see something that at first you think is a mirage. But the closer you get, the more solid the vision becomes. Before you, holding a softly glowing lantern, is the ancient Golden Lotus leader, who speaks to you in English.

"We are standing exactly in the mountain's heart, Mr. Jones. It takes someone of extraordinary strength and courage to come to this point. You and your friend are such people. You have succeeded where many others have failed and now you will be rewarded." The old man draws his serpentine sword and holds it toward you. "Come. Be no longer our enemy. Kiss the sword and live through the power of the Golden Lotus with us," he says, and begins to chant as he had before, "Kill the tiger. Devour our enemy. Kill the tiger..."

.....

If you want to become a Golden Lotus, turn to page 23.

If you don't want to, turn to page 8.

Who needs handcuffs when Captain Shankar can hold your arms this tight with his hands? Indy's two kidnappers race around the corner, shouting and pointing at you.

"I'll handle this. Get Chung Wha to the infirmary," Captain Shankar orders. Without waiting for their answer he drags you up to the bridge and throws you into a chair in his quarters.

"I didn't do anything," you say. That just gets a loud laugh from Shankar, so you say, "It was self-defense."

"You tell me what in the name of Ahab you were doing in their room!" the Captain suddenly shouts.

"I was trying to save Indiana. They kidnapped him."

If you're reading the Captain's face correctly, he's about ready to lock you in the brig and throw away the key. So you quickly spill out the whole story—everything that's happened to you beginning with Penniman's phone call to your room a few hours ago.

"Indy hasn't told me much about it, but the Dragon of Vengeance must be something else," you say.

Captain Shankar shakes his head. Then he removes a photograph from a desk drawer and brings it across the room for you to see. "Yes, it's something else, all right," he says. "See for yourself."

.....

Turn to page 104.

Maybe you can explain the situation to the captain and convince him to let you go or even help you find Indy. But maybe you can't. Face facts: it's faster and easier just to point the gun at him and tell him to get out of your way.

"You'll never get off my ship alive," the angry captain shouts at you. But you're almost out of earshot by that time.

Up one staircase and down another, you twist your way through the ship like a hyper-active snake. Now you've got to find one of two things—Indiana Jones *or* a safe place to hide.

Eventually you find yourself among the crates and barrels in the hold of the ship. It's dark down there, but even if it were brightly lit, it wouldn't smell any better.

Exhausted and safe for the moment, you curl up between two crates and fall asleep.

But you don't sleep for very long. It's not the dampness or your nightmares that wake you. It's a sound, a grinding, gnawing sound, coming from somewhere very near you in the dark hold of the ship.

.....
Turn to page 87.

"I will start at the beginning, Mr. Jones," Lo Chong says, catching his breath. "And you will see that I did not kill Mr. Penniman. I held him in great esteem and affection. But my foolish trust in others, more greedy than I, certainly caused his death.

"Six years ago, in 1932, there was a great earthquake in China, as you must know. I was already living in America. But I learned that my home village suffered terribly.

"One day, when my family was digging out its possessions from the rubble, they discovered an old rotting wooden box. It looked like trash but inside was a carved jade stone of unimaginable beauty, the size of a peach. It was the Dragon of Vengeance.

"Knowing only the legends of the Dragon, and little about its curse, my family returned the Dragon to the Golden Lotus, a secret society that still exists in my province. As a reward, the Golden Lotus took my family in as members and promised to protect them.

"Unfortunately, they very much need that protection," Lo says in a quiet voice. "You see, there is another secret warrior society in my province, the White Tigers. They, too, are greedy. They feel the Dragon must be theirs—at all costs."

Lo stops. The hard part, the part that's going to be tough to tell and tough to take, must be coming.

"Has there been bloodshed, Lo?" Indy asks slowly.

"Yes. Much innocent, senseless bloodshed. I myself have lost an uncle, a brother, and recently a young sister. She was not quite seven years old. That is when I decided that I must act," Lo Chong says sadly.

"So you told Penniman where to find the Dragon," Indy says.

"Yes. I wanted him to take the curse far from China and far from my family," Lo says. "But on the very night I told him, he was murdered."

"Do you know who did it?" you ask.

"I have young cousins living in America, who are very poor and dream of power. They visited me that same night. When I told them what I had done, they tied me up and stole my savings from my mattress. Then they killed Mr. Penniman before he could convey any information to you. I managed to free myself and pursued them to the boat. And now I am going to my home village to take the Dragon myself," Lo says.

"Not without some help," Indy says, picking up his gear.

.....
If you want to take the Dragon of Vengeance by force, turn to page 94.

If you'd rather try to reason with the Golden Lotus, turn to page 80.

A few minutes later, you and Indy climb up on deck and stand at a railing, silently staring off at the water. It's midnight. No one's around. It feels like you've got the whole ship to yourselves.

"Indy, time to tell me a story," you say.

"What do you want, kid, 'Goldilocks'?" Indy laughs.

"No, the story of the Dragon of Vengeance."

"Yeah—okay. You've come this far. You're entitled to know what it's all about," he says.

"About eight hundred years ago a Chinese warlord named Po formed a secret society called the Golden Lotus. I'll skip the gory details about what the Golden Lotus did. Let's just say that no one could ever mistake them for the Boy Scouts. However, Po had one big problem: secret societies were outlawed by the emperor.

"But Po was used to having things his own way, so he decided to give the emperor a gift."

"He ordered his artisans to carve the largest piece of jade they could find into a fierce dragon with a flawless diamond embedded in its mouth. He hoped the emperor would love the dragon so much he'd forgive the Golden Lotus for a little murder here, a little looting there."

"Did it work?" you have to ask, because Indy has stopped talking and is staring at the sea again.

"Yeah, it worked for about a hundred years," Indy answers. "Until later generations of the Golden Lotus got greedy and wanted the dragon back. They stole it and hid it in a sacred

cave. But from then on, disaster hit anyone who had the dragon in his possession.”

“What kind of disaster?” you prod.

“Oh, death, mutilation, devastating fires—the usual,” Indy says. “Anyway, the Chinese kept stealing it from each other. But finally, in 1556, the Golden Lotus got it back again. They took it to the Shensi Province—and two days later an earthquake hit, killing 800,000 people there. That’s when the stone got its name—the Dragon of Vengeance. The Dragon’s been missing ever since.”

“Do you think someone has it?” you ask.

“Someone’s got it all right,” Indy says, looking away from you and back out to sea. “That’s what all this fuss is about.”

“How are we going to find it?” you ask.

“The usual way: ask the right questions to the right people. But that’s going to take money, kid. And our two Chinese friends took all of mine,” Indy says.

“They’ve got a drawer full of money in their cabin, room 208,” you say.

“Okay, you wait in *my* cabin, kid. I’m going to the bank to make a withdrawal,” Indy says with a smile.

.....
If you want to wait for Indy in his cabin, turn to page 75.

If you want to go with Indy, turn to page 109.

"Okay, you've got the Hammer of the Monolith," you say, walking back toward Mr. French. "But do you know how to use it?"

"Do you?" Mr. French asks, not letting go of the Hammer.

You smile confidently and let them draw their own conclusions. They conclude that they'd better take you with them to Batoga Island.

The plane trip takes ten hours, including a stop to refuel. But you finally fly over Batoga Island, which is almost entirely dense forest and rocky cliffs. There's only one place to land—a tiny beach. There's also only one place for a monolith, and it's right there in front of you—forty feet high and nine feet wide, with smoothly polished sides.

"The secrets of the universe will soon be mine," French says, handing you the Hammer. "Make it open."

You walk around the rock for a while. "Just looking for the keyhole," you explain. You hit the rock a couple times. "I think you've got the wrong Hammer," you say, shrugging when nothing happens.

Mr. French charges at you. "Give me that!" he commands.

"Go get it!" you shout, tossing the hammer away. And then a miracle happens. The flying hammer strikes a rock about twenty feet away from the Monolith and the ground immediately begins to hum and vibrate. Then the immense stone, the Monolith itself, pivots, revealing a large pit below.

French, Pug and Jersey jump down into the pit in seconds, and start digging around.

"There's nothing down here!" Mr. French cries.

That's not entirely accurate, but that statement has to serve as the last thing you hear from Mr. French. As you watch with wide eyes, the Monolith begins to tremble and then topples over, crushing the three men for eternity.

When you can finally tear yourself away from the rubble, you decide your situation is not very promising. You're alone on an island with a pile of rocks, a small plane, no food, no water, and—worst of all—no pilot!

.....
If you want to try to fly the plane yourself, turn to page 67.

If you don't want to risk it, turn to page 83.





"I vote for getting out of here," you say, making your way through the tunnel leading out. "Besides, this way will lead us to the old man again. I want to wipe that laugh off his face."

"I like your style, kid," Indy says, taking the lead again in the tunnel. Indy's the first one through the opening in the side of the mountain. Suddenly he jumps back pale as a ghost.

"What's the matter with you?" you say. But what you see answers your question for you.

Snakes. Hundreds of them. A pile of them. A nest. In fact, there's no way to get out of the tunnel without walking *on top of* the entire snake family, which stretches ten feet in front of you.

"Let's take the other path, kid," Indy says.

.....
Turn to page 74.

"It doesn't matter what you do to me, Fong. I'm not going to tell you anything," Indy says, turning to leave.

"I believe you, Mr. Jones. You are a man whose character exceeds his reputation," Fong says as five men with black-and-white headbands burst through the walls of the room. "That is precisely why I am going to do hideous things to your young companion instead."

"Don't tell him anything, Indy. He's a cream puff compared to my principal," you shout.

However, Fong soon has you hanging from the ceiling by your ankles. Then he pulls a lever and three rows of steel razor blades pop through the floor. Fong gives you a gentle push and you begin to swing back and forth, lower and closer to the blades.

.....
Turn to page 85.

"I hope you take this the right way, but I don't know what you're talking about," you stammer politely.

"The Monolith Hammer—the hammer that'll move the Monolith on Batoga Island so we can get the goods underneath it. Jonesy has it. I know he does. He stole it out from under my nose," the man says. He opens the door again and barks an order at two men in black masks waiting in the hall. "Pug, Jersey—pack up everything in the room," he says.

"And the kid, Mr. French?" Jersey asks.

"Why don't you just announce my address and phone number, you fool. Yes—the kid, too," the man says.

A black cloth bag is pulled over your head and two strong arms heft you up over a shoulder. Later you find yourself tied to a chair in the middle of an empty warehouse.

Pug and Jersey are looking through all of Indy's things, while Mr. French, who turns out to be bald as an egg under his mask and hat, is removing your right shoe.

"Where is Jones?" he asks.

"I don't know," you say. "Why are you taking off my shoe?"

"Because you're not going to need it anymore when I get through with you... unless, of course, you tell me where your pal Jones is," he says with a smile.

.....

If you want to betray Indy, turn to page 71.

If you don't, turn to page 69.

You climb into the plane and look around. What's the fuss? Planes are a lot like elevators—there's an UP button and a DOWN button. Besides, you used to tag along when your aunt took flying lessons a few years ago.

So your first solo flight starts out a little rocky, just like the mountain crags on the island below you. But luckily you clear them all and soar off into the wild blue yonder.

Five hours later, however, you run out of gas. Your engine begins to sputter and then it dies. And then the news hits hard: when your engine dies, so do you.

THE END

There is only one sensible thing to do when someone has the drop on you. Give up.

But who says you were sensible? The instant the guy with the glasses looks away, you throw him a fastball—your gun at his head. He grabs at his head, yelling a combination of Chinese and American curses. Sorry, but you don't have time to wait for the translation. You dive for the light switch and then for the door while they're still bumping into each other.

You run out the door and collide with someone coming into the cabin. He's a boy about your age, wearing traditional Chinese robes. For a second you hold on to each other's shoulders, staring hard.

.....
Turn to page 70.

"I can't tell you what I don't know, and I *don't know where Indiana Jones is!!*" you say.

"Okay, I believe you, kid," Mr. French says, putting your shoe back on your foot. "The kid's useless to us, Jersey. Kill him quick," he orders.

Pug and Jersey don't even untie you. They just carry the chair off to a far corner of the warehouse and load their shotguns.

You can hardly breathe with the ropes tied around you and your chest pumping in high gear.

"Wait a minute!" you shout.

"Hold it, boys. I think our young friend's memory has been stimulated," Mr. French shouts from the other end of the warehouse.

He's right. For some reason, the strangest thing has popped into your mind—the set of Indy's keys which you pocketed! One of the keys looked exactly like the safe deposit box key your father carries. And it's given you an idea. Who knows if it will work? But it may be your only chance of seeing your next birthday.

"I know where Indy hid the Hammer of the Monolith—in a safe deposit box he and I use. I'll take you there in the morning," you say.

.....
Turn to page 19.

"Help me," you say, looking directly into the boy's cold dark eyes. "Where is Indiana Jones?"

The boy's eyes turn from cold to surprised at the mention of Indy's name. He pulls you down the hall to an empty and unlocked closet he has discovered. You both watch through the door slats as the two Chinese men who attacked Indy race past.

"Indiana Jones is free. I have done that," the boy says in perfect English. "It is you and I who are in terrible danger. Now that I have interfered, my cousins will murder me. You, too, if they catch you."

"Why? What do they want?" you ask.

"They are monsters. Their wants are unrecognizable to people like you and me. We are no match for them or their evil desires. We must hide," he says.

The look on his face convinces you of the awful truth in his words. So the two of you make friends with the ship's cook, and he lets you hide in the galley for the rest of the voyage. When you dock in Barcelona, Indy and the boy's cousins get off the ship. You and the boy remain on board and return to America. He lives for years in your hotel as your brother and your best friend. But he will never ever speak, even to you, of the horrors his family has committed because of the Dragon of Vengeance.

THE END

"Okay, let go of my foot. I'll take you to Indiana Jones," you say.

You hate yourself the entire cab ride to Sixty-eighth Street. Jerk! Fool! You didn't want to tell them, but their threats were too awful and you knew they meant it. Now your only hope is that Indy can handle them when you get there.

As your cab pulls up, you see Indy coming out of the town house. He takes one look at Mr. French getting out of the cab and then springs into action. You've never seen anyone move so fast. Indy tackles Pug and Jersey, knocking them out with lightning punches. He rolls away just in time to dodge a spray of bullets from Mr. French's machine gun. A snap of his bullwhip! And Indy yanks the gun from Mr. French's hands. Then Indy puts him away with a short but sweet round of combination punches.

"Come on, kid," Indy says, pulling you with him into the cab. "We'll leave them for the police."

Before the cab has even pulled away from the curb, you start apologizing for giving Mr. French the address.

"Betraying a friend is a very big mistake," Indy says, and then pauses forever. "But I always allow a kid one big mistake." He holds out his hand to shake on it.

"Thanks, Indy," you say. "Hey, what about that phone call I got? What was going on in that apartment?"



"That's a sad business, kid. A real sad business," Indy says.

He explains everything to you—that the call you received was from his friend John Penniman, curator of the Museum of Lost Treasures. Unfortunately Indy arrived too late. Penniman was dead, murdered brutally. And Indy says it looks like the murderer was Lo Chong, Penniman's Chinese servant, whose room was hurriedly cleaned out.

"But what about the Dragon of Vengeance?" you ask.

"That little cursed jade bauble with a diamond in its mouth disappeared centuries ago. But somehow John found out where it is. He was crazy enough and unlucky enough. I found



a piece of a map in his coat pocket, so I'm off to snatch it for him. And if it means that Lo Chong and I happen to bump into each other in some dark alley, that'll suit me just fine."

"Great! Where are we headed?" you ask.

"Right here," Indy says, as the cab screeches to a stop. "Your hotel. I said I wanted a friend, not a shadow, kid. See ya 'round."

Indy pushes you out and the cab speeds off without his even waving good-bye.

.....
If you want to hop a cab and follow Indy, turn to page 93.

If you want to take Indy's advice and stay home, turn to page 111.

Turning back, you walk cautiously through the dark, clammy, twisting, booby-trapped tunnels beneath the temple. It's a lot like going through an amusement park spook house, except for one major difference. The surprises you're encountering are not meant only to scare you—they're meant to kill you.

Indy suddenly cries out sharply and shoves you onto the dirt floor.

"What is it?" you ask. You can't see anything in the dark tunnel, but you feel and hear that the wind has picked up, sweeping back and forth overhead.

"Bats," Indy says. "Hundreds of them. They may be rabid. We'll have to crawl to avoid them."

You squirm along the ground, among the spiders and rats, keeping low so that the bats miss your head. Eventually the flapping sound dies out and you and Indy stand straight again, facing a bend in the tunnel.

"What is that? Ancient writing on the corner wall?" you ask Indy, who's still brushing the dirt out of his hair.

"I don't know, but don't move," Indy says, pulling out his glasses. "Because if it's writing, it may be booby-trapped."

"Not again," you sigh.

.....
If you want to approach close enough to read the writing, turn to page 92.

If you don't want to, turn to page 105.

Like the rolling ocean, this adventure is having its ups and downs. On the down side, Indy went off to go through cabin 208 by himself. However, on the up side, you're all alone now to face whatever might be waiting for you at the next turn.

You round the corner and come to a quick stop down the hall from Indy's room. There in front of Indy's cabin is a young Asian man with his hand on the door. There's something very familiar about him. He has a terrible scar dividing his face diagonally. You know you've seen him somewhere before.

"Lo Chong!" you call out, finally recognizing John Penniman's servant.

Lo Chong looks quickly at you and then runs in the opposite direction.

.....
If you want to follow him, turn to page 5.

If you want to run into Indy's room to see what Lo Chong was doing in there, turn to page 20.

"Who is he, Indy?" you whisper.

"You don't have to whisper, kid. He can't hear us. We're too late," Indy says bitterly. He goes over and closes the corpse's eyes. "Up until a little while ago, this was an old friend of mine, John Penniman. He was the curator of the Museum of Lost Treasures. I had dinner with him last week," Indy says.

You and Indy look around the room. Everything seems to be in its proper place.

"There's got to be a clue here somewhere," Indy says. "Search the body, kid."

Frisking corpses is not exactly your idea of fun, but you've got to show Indy you can handle his style of adventure. You carefully put your hand inside the dead man's suit jacket to check his pocket. The body is still warm.

"Shouldn't we call the police?" you ask.

"You're absolutely right, kid," Indy says. "Be sure to do that after I leave."

In one of Penniman's pockets there's a schedule of ship departures and the torn-out corner of a map of China. It looks like he was heading for somewhere in Northern China. So what?

"So it means he really knew where to find the Dragon of Vengeance, that's what," Indy says.

"What is the Dragon of Vengeance?" you ask.

"It's a piece of jade, kid—more perfect, more beautiful, and more trouble than any other in the world. As Penniman just found out, it's not

your ordinary lost treasure," Indy says. "Okay, kid, the hard part's over. Let's see what else we can find."

.....
If you want to look through the rest of the house while Indy searches the desk, turn to page 82.

If you think you should have called the police, turn to page 97.

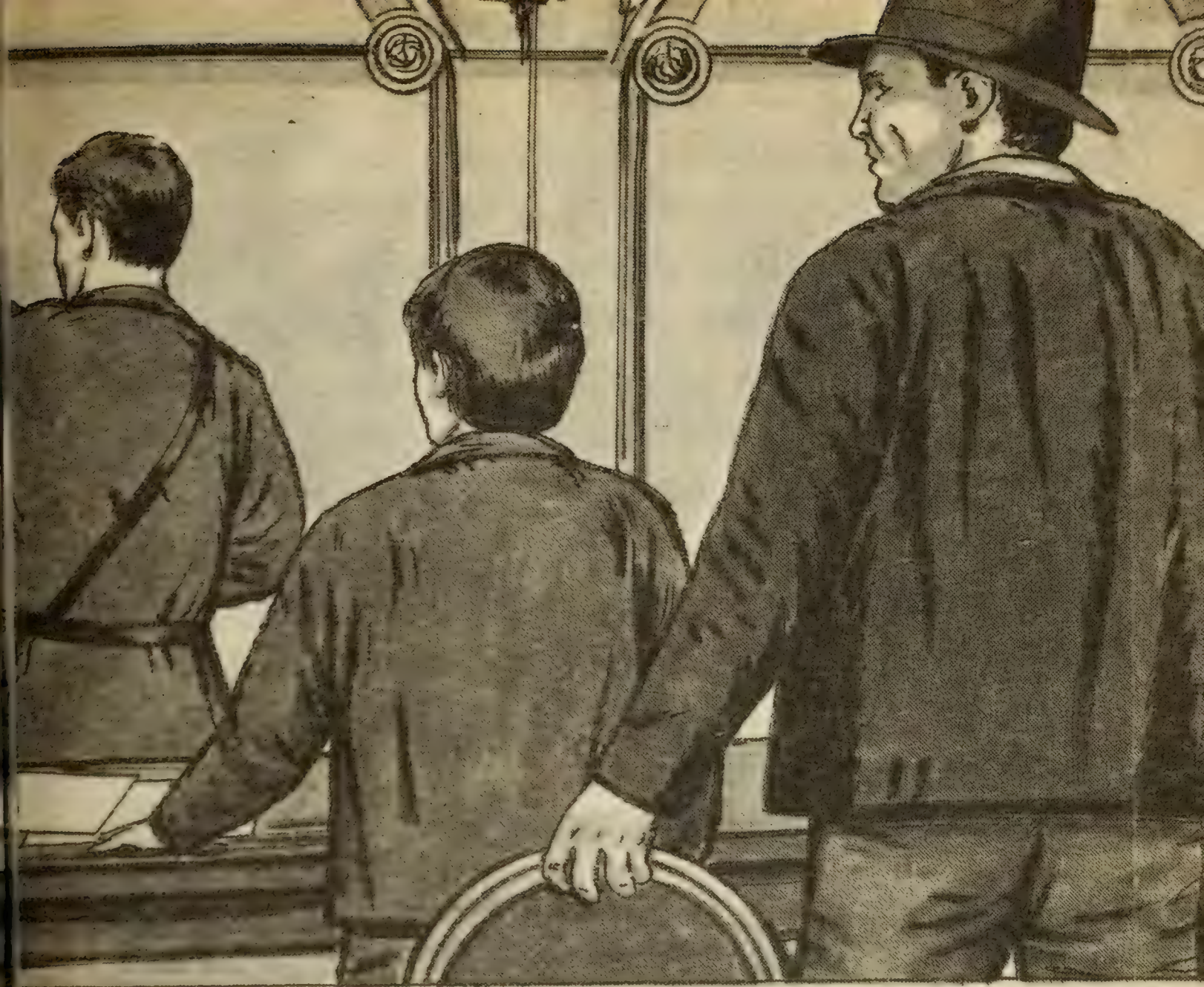


As soon as the *Goethe* docks in Italy, Commander Ruch takes you by jeep to an enormous villa where Hitler is a guest of Mussolini. For several hours you wait with a guard and an interpreter in a large ballroom.

Finally the door bangs open and Adolf Hitler walks in.

"This vessel you are seeking belongs to Germany," Hitler says. "Only the master race has the right to possess such an artifact. I must have it before attacking Poland, for good luck. If you wish to search for it, you will do it for Germany, for the homeland! Do you understand?"

Indy merely laughs at the Führer. "Go paint



a house, you sawed-off piece of bratwurst. I don't take orders, especially not from a dictator who can't even grow a whole mustache!"

Hitler barks something in German, waving his hands and clicking his boots together as he storms out of the room. You don't need the interpreter to tell you that you'd better get out of there fast.

.....
Turn to page 84.

"Before you talk to the Golden Lotus, I must see my family," Lo insists.

His reunion in his home village of Tang Po is a happy one. Lo's family is relieved that he has brought Indy to end the war for the Dragon. But when Lo's older brother, Xuang, arrives home, his reactions are far different.

"Your cousins got here first, Chong," Xuang says. "They told us what happened in New York and warned us about Indiana Jones. We do not need outsiders to deal with the White Tigers."

"He has come to take the Dragon and stop the killing. And he has been welcomed in this house," Lo Chong says.

"Then our family has grown weak like you," Xuang spits out. "You've been in America too long. You've forgotten how to be Chinese. I must go and meet with the council now."

"Indiana Jones wants to talk to the Golden Lotus. Will you arrange for this, Xuang?" Lo asks.

"I will see. Until then, your guests must be honored in our house. Make certain they eat, brother," Xuang says before leaving.

Lo Chong takes you to your room, and soon a woman brings you a tray of food. You're so starved you pick up two pairs of chopsticks—one for each hand.

"Wait. The food might be poisoned, kid," Indy warns.

.....

*If you want to eat the food, turn to page 90.
If you don't want to, turn to page 98.*

"Are you nuts!?" you shout at him. Indy stops suddenly.

"The kid's a coward," shouts a sailor standing next to Captain Porque.

Porque turns and shoots at the sailor without blinking. "I hate people who shout in my ear," Porque says.

"Indy, let's get out of here now!" you shout.

But Indy can't hear you because the entire crew of the *Pescador* has begun to chant loudly in Spanish. "Cobarde. Cobarde. Cobarde," they say as they close in on you. Still shouting that you're a coward, they lift you into the air and carry you kicking and screaming to the side of the boat. They swing you back and forth—"Uno ...dos..." they shout.

"Wait!" Indy shouts before they get to three and toss you overboard. "We need that kid or we're all dead fish."

.....
Turn to page 106.

Penniman not only worked in a museum, but he also lived in one too. His town house is dark and cold and filled with weapons, coffins, mummies, and religious jewelry. Wandering from one room to the next, you almost expect the mummies to sit up and say, "Who are you and what are you doing in our house?"

Finally you come face to face with the real world again in a brightly lit servant's room. Every drawer, chest, and closet stands open and empty. Someone's cleared out of here in a hurry.

But on a dresser top you see a silver picture frame. In it there's a silly picture of a young Chinese man flexing his biceps for a camera on Coney Island. The man has two unforgettable characteristics: a piercing gaze, and a long scar that divides his face diagonally.

You run back to the study to show the picture to Indy. "That's Lo Chong, Penniman's longtime servant," Indys says.

"Well, he's gone and his room is cleaned out," you say. "Do you think he killed Penniman?"

"I don't know. I'll ask him when I run into him," Indy says, walking out the door. "See ya 'round, kid."

"Wait a minute. You forgot something!" you say, catching up with him just before his cab door slams closed.

.....
Turn to page 102.

You climb into the plane and look around. You're good—but you're not *that* good.

You climb out of the plane and sit on the wing. Come on, cheer up. You're a city kid. You're going to do great on this island—just as soon as someone inhabits it and builds a subway.

Two days go by, two nights sleeping in the cramped plane. Luckily you find some berries on bushes at the edge of the beach. They taste great with salt water.

Just when you're beginning to think that you'll die here alone, you spot a ship on the distant horizon. You stare at it for what seems like hours. Suddenly there's a flash of light and blast of smoke. Many seconds later, the sound of an explosion reaches your ears.

That night, the splash, splash of someone swimming toward you awakens you. A lone survivor from the ship crawls his way onto the beach and then collapses face down. When he lifts his head the next morning, you stare into the face of Indiana Jones.

"Well, scratch one trip to China," Indy says. "Kid, how did you know to meet me here with a plane? You rich kids are something else." Indy struggles to his feet and claps you on the back. "Thanks, kid," he says. "Let's go home."

THE END

The minute Hitler is gone, the ballroom doors slam shut, locking you in. It looks like you and Indy are going to be Hitler's guests for a while. But then Indy opens the door to the terrace and steps out for a breath of fresh air. And then he steps *off* the terrace, taking you with him on his thirty-foot drop to freedom!

Indy lands pretty hard and his head catches the worst of the fall. He's out cold for a minute. When he finally comes around, he asks, "How'd I get here?"

"We jumped," you say, pointing up to the terrace.

"Jumped? From there?" he says. "I must have been out of my mind."

"My thought exactly," you say, recounting his recent behavior.

And when you mention the Fishhead Vessel, Indy laughs. "Fishhead Vessel? There's no such thing! Sorry kid. This whole thing must have started with a very unfriendly drink those two Chinese guys made me take on the *Kalkoun*. That stuff made me Looney Tunes for a while."

An hour later, you and Indy have found a ship heading home. "The Fishhead's a joke and the Dragon of Vengeance can wait," Indy says. "But Hitler's *not* a dream. He's a nightmare that's got to be stopped. Someone's got to warn America and it might as well be us."

THE END

"Tell me how to find the Dragon of Vengeance, Mr. Jones, before your friend discovers the sharpness of Oriental razors. If you fear the Golden Lotus, you cannot imagine the power of my brothers, the White Tigers."

"Have they ever played the Chicago Bears?" you say. But you are six inches from a very close shave.

"Paper tigers is more like it," Indy says, suddenly hurling one of Fong's men through the air. He lands against the lever that controls the razor blades, and they retract.

Then Indy leaps toward Fong. They roll and scuffle and knock over the oil lamps. In seconds the room is in flames.

Fong is out cold and his men have fled. Indy quickly gets you down so you can make a run for it. Then through the smoke and flames you see someone else coming up the stairs. It is Lo Chong.

"Great—two killers with one stone," Indy says, slugging Lo Chong. "That's for John Peniman. Let's get out of here, kid, before we're Chinese barbecue."

.....
If you think Indy is wrong about Lo Chong, turn to page 88.

If you think Indy is right and you want to leave Lo Chong in the fire, turn to page 91.

Clutching the hawk in one hand and his sword in the other, Indy backs down the mountain and hurries to Lo Chong's house. The Lo family agrees to hide the Dragon secretly, but only until midnight. If Indy doesn't come for it by midnight, they will destroy the jade forever.

Then Indy sends word to the warriors to meet him in the shrine at the center of the village. Exactly at noon you and Indy are kneeling at a low table where Golden Lotus and White Tigers face each other. At first they only glare across the table. Then Indy begins to speak, and his argument goes directly to the heart of the matter. As he reads the names of all the men, women, and children who have been killed in the war for the Dragon, the faces of the enemies soften with mutual grief.

"As long as the Dragon is within arm's reach, there's always going to be someone willing to kill to grab it," Indy says.

They agree to a truce under the terms Indy proposes—that he takes the Dragon to the National Museum in Peking, where it will always be a part of Chinese history.

But that isn't the last you hear of the Dragon of Vengeance. About a year later you read in a newspaper article that an ancient piece of Chinese jade, thought to be unlucky, was stolen from the museum in Peking. So the story of the Dragon of Vengeance goes on. But for you this is definitely

THE END.

As you creep toward the sound in the dark, it gets louder and more rhythmical. It's coming from a small wooden crate next to you that is wrapped with leather straps.

Suddenly you sneeze. It always happens when you get too nervous. But the sound in the crate suddenly stops.

"Beat it and let me sleep, you baboons," a voice says inside the crate.

"Indiana Jones?" you shout.

"Kid, is that you? What are you doing here?" he asks.

"Nobody skips out of my dad's hotel without paying for his room," you joke.

"Get me out of this thing. I feel like a jack-in-the-box," Indy says.

"I saw those guys grab you at the ship's railing and I figured you could use some help," you say.

"Swell. Now get me out of here," Indy says.

"I just shot one of them," you say. "And now everyone on the boat is looking for me."

"You don't waste much time, do you, kid? Well, I can square everything—just *get me out of here!*" Indy says.

"Was that you *snoring?!?*" you ask suddenly.

"Kid, if you don't get me out of here soon, I may never straighten out again."

.....
Turn to page 58.

"We can't let Lo Chong die," you say, turning away from Indy.

You don't know why you want Penniman's killer to live. But right now, saving his life is more important than saving yours.

You run back up the burning steps. The flames spit fireballs at you and the smoke is blinding. You try to lift Lo Chong's unconscious body from the ground, but it's no use. He's too heavy. You're choking on smoke thick as cotton and you fall to your knees.

From out of nowhere Indy sweeps you and Lo Chong over his shoulders and carries you both out into the streets.

"You were right, kid," Indy says when you and Lo Chong have recovered. "I lost my head. Besides, John Penniman doesn't deserve revenge. He deserves the truth." And to Lo Chong he says, "Let's hear your story."

.....
Turn to page 56.



"Lo Chong wouldn't poison us," you say.

"Yeah, but Xuang would," Indy says.

But you don't listen to Indy because your stomach is talking louder than he is. You wolf down the moo shoo pork and it's delicious, although a little too heavily seasoned.

About a half-hour later you feel there's an explosion in your stomach. Cramps and heat skyrocket through every inch of your body. You've never been poisoned before, but there's no question in your mind that you've been given a lethal dose. You are going to die.

Indy sits down on your bed. He's wearing his hat and coat. "Just hang on, kid. I'm going after the Dragon now, but I'll be back for you in no time. Don't worry—they gave you a poisonous herb, but you'll recover. And remember: no matter what your crazy brain or anyone else tries to tell you, I'll be back for you," he says.

Then you slip away into delirium and Indy slips away into the night.

.....
Turn to page 113.

Lo Chong dies in the blaze and the truth of whether he killed Penniman is forever a mystery. The Dragon of Vengeance has claimed one more life.

You and Indy keep following the Dragon. The trail leads you to the far corners of China and back again. But wherever you go you are persecuted, because news has spread that you were responsible for Lo Chong's death.

Months later the trail ends on a freezing Tibetan mountaintop. You and Indy sit by a fire with an ancient wise man.

"I see the Dragon," the old man mumbles, staring into the fire. "It is a far journey, my friends."

"Where is it?" Indy asks.

"Ashtabula, Ohio," the old man says with a smile. "But do not persist in your search for it, because Lo Chong has many friends there, too."

Indy can read the handwriting in the fire. Lo Chong was an important key in finding the Dragon. And what's more, his death may have been a terrible mistake. So the two of you decide to go home empty-handed and hope the dragon's vengeance has forever come to

THE END.

Indy shows you where to tiptoe and you reach the writing without triggering a new surprise. Then he takes his time translating the fading Chinese handwriting scratched in the wall.

“Okay, kid, here’s the message: **TURN BACK, FATED WANDERER. THESE MOUNTAIN PATHS WILL CLAIM YOUR LIFE IN TIME. THE DARK CORRIDOR TO THE RIGHT WILL TAKE IT IMMEDIATELY.**”

You look to the right and then back at the tunnel behind you, the tunnel you’ve just crawled out of with all the rats, spiders, and bats. “Not again,” you grumble to yourself.

.....
If you want to ignore the warning and take the corridor to the right, turn to page 53.

If you want to turn back and retrace your steps, turn to page 32.

You heard Indy tell his cab driver to take him to the docks. So you flag down the first cab you see and say, "To the docks. I'm in a hurry."

"Can't hurry anywhere tonight. Big parade blocking up traffic," the cab driver says.

"A parade? At midnight?" you shout.

"Insomniacs Parade. Hey kid, I'm not the mayor of New York. I'm just a cab driver," he says.

"See that yellow cab with the red roof? Follow it!" you say.

The driver finally floors the accelerator. But it's not good enough. Indy's head start gets him to the docks and lost in the crowds before you arrive.

"What's the next ship out?" you say, knowing that Indy was in a rush to leave.

"H.M.S. *King Edward*," a sailor says. "Better hurry. It's sailing any minute!"

You waste no time. But on your way to the *King Edward*, you see another ship—the *Kalkoun*—pulling away from the dock. And by himself at one end is ... Indiana Jones!

Indy suddenly spots you, too, and flashes a broad grin. But his smile vanishes quickly as you see two Chinese men in long gold robes grab him from behind and pull him down a nearby set of stairs.

.....
Turn to page 16.

Lo Chong leads you and Indy on an eight-day trip across the mountainous Chinese countryside to his village of Tang Po. When you finally arrive, Lo's family, still mourning the loss of his little sister, has turned against the Golden Lotus and they welcome the chance to tell you the location of the Lotus secret meeting place.

That night you and Indy hide behind a painted oriental screen in the room the Golden Lotus will use.

The Lotus warriors arrive just before midnight. They change from peasant clothes into golden silk robes and bow before their ancient leader.

Next the Golden Lotus warriors put themselves through a strange and hypnotic ritual as their leader talks them into a violent frenzy. But even more hypnotic is the Dragon of Vengeance, which the old leader wears around his neck. It's hard to concentrate on anything else when you are actually seeing what no Westerner has ever seen before.

After the old leader sends his warriors off, you burst from behind the screen, taking the old man by surprise and grabbing the Dragon at gunpoint.

.....
Turn to page 4.

You put up your arms in defeat and the Golden Lotus warriors grab you. You're going back up the mountain to their ruined temple above and you don't have to like it.

Their ancient leader stands in the archway of the temple, smiling a toothless smile. He seems in no hurry to ask for the Dragon back. Why should he be? Right now it's in Indy's pocket, but the Lotus will take it soon enough.

Xuang, Lo Chong's brother, ties your hands behind you, using dead snakes instead of ropes.

Then a hundred victorious Golden Lotus warriors silently kneel at the feet of their leader, who begins a cleansing ceremony, washing first his own hands and arms and then washing yours and Indy's.

"I could use a shave, too," Indy cracks in English. The old man looks at Indy as though he were a book he could not read.

But the diversion doesn't last long. The old man closes his eyes, stretches back his head, and begins a chant that makes the warriors squirm on their knees.

"What's he saying, Indy?" you ask.

"Eat the tiger. Devour our enemy. Let the blood of the tiger mix with your blood so that you may know both the pain and pleasure of his death," Indy translates. "Sorry, kid."

Your legs almost crumble like wet cake. You get it—they're going to repeat the same ceremony you saw yesterday. Only this time they won't use dog. They'll use you! The room

seems to be roaring around you and your legs start to tremble so much you can barely stand.

The old man is shaking as he removes the Dragon from Indy's pocket and raises it in the air for the warriors to see. The warriors, too, are trembling. Their eyes are wide and questioning.

Wait a minute. Think fast. Your eyes can't be fooling you. Your legs *aren't* trembling. The floor—the temple—the whole mountain is shaking and trembling.

"It's an earthquake, kid!" Indy shouts as the floor of the temple tears open like a sheet of paper. Some of the warriors fall into the hole. Others run. Some are too scared to move.

Indy pulls his hands free and leaps at the Lotus leader. In a panic the old man jumps away from Indy but falls over on one of his own warriors.

The Dragon slips from the old man's hand and quickly skates across the bouncing floor. Indy and the old man both chase after it, but before they can reach it, the temple floor's enormous mouth again opens and the Dragon falls in. Without a second thought the Lotus leader jumps after it, but Indy hangs on to the edge of the bottomless pit for dear life.

.....
Turn to page 103.

While Indy follows his nose through the apartment, you follow your conscience to the phone. Then you go back to the study and wait for Indy to return.

"Indy, I called the police," you say.

"That's okay, kid. It'll take them twenty minutes to get here."

"But I called them twenty minutes ago," you say—just as the front door is kicked open and a convention of blue-coated police officers storm into the town house.

To make a long story short, it takes you and Indy hours to untangle yourselves from the law enforcement officials who want statements, fingerprints, birth certificates, and a free weekend special from your dad's hotel.

By the time you get out of the precinct building, the ship has sailed and the next boat doesn't leave for two weeks.

Later you read in the papers how Indy found the Dragon of Vengeance and almost lost his life in the process. Oh, well. Maybe next time!

THE END

The food might be poisoned? The thought makes you roll on the floor and pound your head. What have you gotten yourself into? What are you doing here anyway?

Indy comes over and pulls you up by the armpits so that your eyes are looking directly into his. "Kid, stuff a sock in it now or I'm leaving you behind," he says. Instantly you shape up.

The hallway is empty and now the house is quiet too. So you and Indy creep slowly through the house. You're not certain what Indy's looking for, but you can feel the tension even in the way he moves.



As Indy passes shuttered windows that connect the hallway to the back of the house, he freezes. Voices...visitors. You both stand perfectly still, trying not to breathe.

On the other side of the shutters you see Xuang and five other young men come in. They are Golden Lotus warriors, dressed in gold satin robes. Formally they kneel in a circle around a frail old man. Chanting a prayer, the old man offers them each his serpentine sword to kiss, and one by one they do.

The intricate threaded designs on the old man's long golden robe sparkle in the candlelight. But they are dull compared to what he wears around his neck—the magnificent Dragon of Vengeance!

.....
Turn to page 6.

What can you say about a man like Indiana Jones? You could say that you admire him, that he thinks fast and acts faster; or you could say that you're sure he's gone completely off his rocker... especially since he's been in front of a mirror for the past three days, combing his hair to make a good impression on Hitler.

"We're about to dock in Italy, kid," Indy says. "So remember, when in Rome, do as the Germans do."

He's wacko. And suddenly you can't take it anymore.

"Indy, if I see Adolf Hitler, I'll spit in his face!" you shout at the top of your voice.

Indy doesn't seem to care, but ten Nazi soldiers burst into your cabin and grab you.

"Leave the kid alone. He's just seasick," Indy says. But the soldiers won't stop. "I said to leave the kid alone," Indy says, beating a path through the crowd. "Swim for it, kid," he shouts as the two of you leap off the freighter and swim to shore.

You've gotten Indy away from the Nazis, but your problems aren't over. Now he wants to take the *Orient Express* to Istanbul and then go to Egypt and dig under the pyramids to find the Fishhead Vessel.

.....
If you want to go east with Indy, turn to page 116.

If you want to go to Paris, and then back home, turn to page 112.

You have to half-drag and half-carry the half-conscious Indiana Jones out of the alley. If you can only get him to a hospital fast enough—

But when you prop him up against a street lamp, you finally get your first good look at the man you've been following.

"Hey! You're not Indiana Jones!" you shout.

"What happened to me? Where's my wallet?" the man says in a thick Italian accent while grabbing at his jacket.

"Who are you?" you ask. "What are you doing in those clothes and with that whip?"

"Whatsa matter with my clothes? I'm Luigi Ferrato. I'm the lion tamer with the Milano Circus. My first night in New York and those bums—they steal my wallet. Wonderful city! Wonderful country!" the man screams at you.

You slink back to the hotel, realizing you've made a terrible blunder. Who would walk around with a bullwhip on the *streets of New York*? Certainly not a professor of archeology like Indiana Jones!

When you get back to the lobby you find out that Indy checked out while you were gone, destination unknown! You can forget about tracking down the Dragon of Vengeance yourself. In all the excitement, you forgot the address the man gave you on the phone.

"Better luck next time," you tell yourself in the hotel elevator as you ride up to the thirty-fifth floor.

THE END

"You can't come with me," Indy says while a speeding taxi bounces the two of you around. "I'm going to hop a boat to Barcelona, then take the train to Istanbul, and then walk the rest of the way to China. You'd never make it, kid."

But by the time the cab screeches to a stop at Pier 37 you've talked Indy into letting you come along. "Okay—that's the ship *Penniman* was going to catch tonight," Indy says, pointing to the H.M.S. *King Edward*. "You hop on it. I've got to make a quick phone call."

You climb the ramp and stand at the railing to wait for Indy. As you wait you watch another ship, the *Kalkoun*, pulling out to sea. Everyone on board looks so happy. Especially that guy by himself at the end—wait a minute! That's Indiana Jones! He's waving good-bye to you with his hat and a big smile.

"I thought you said we were a team!" you shout, shaking your fist at him.

Indy just keeps smiling, because he can't hear you. He also can't see what's coming next. Two Chinese men wearing long golden robes grab Indy from behind. One man puts a knife to Indy's throat. The other has a wooden club. They pull Indy away from the railing and drag him down some stairs.

.....
Turn to page 16.

When the earth finally stops shaking, nothing remains as it was. Fortunately some things are better.

After you help Indy climb back onto solid ground, he just wants to stare down into the bottomless abyss for a while. The Dragon of Vengeance is gone again—maybe this time forever—and with it, the ruthless, spiteful leader of the Golden Lotus. Without this ancient and evil man stirring the warriors' hate, the Golden Lotus and the White Tigers agree to a truce. And with both sources of so much unhappiness buried miles below the ground, Lo Chong, his brother, and his family also reunite. Lo Chong decides to stay in China.

"The land and my family need me more than America. Give my regards to Broadway," he says, seeing you and Indy to a boat sailing from Shanghai.

When your boat finally docks in New York, you and Indy go your separate ways. Later you pack up Indy's trunks and send them on to him. And in return he sends you a present to your hotel suite—a paper dragon and a ten-cent glass jade stone. "Just so the whole thing wasn't a total loss," he explains in his note.

THE END

First you stare at the photograph of the Dragon of Vengeance. It is unbelievably frightening. Then your stomach starts to roll as though the ship were in a terrible storm and you stare at Captain Shankar.

"How did you get this picture? What do you know about the Dragon of Vengeance?" you ask.

"All I know is that there are people like the man you shot who'll pay me my weight in gold to help them protect it," Captain Shankar says with a smile.

"What are you going to do with me?" you ask.

"Don't know. Got to get rid of you, but I'll have to think about it . . . you think about it too," the Captain says, locking you in a closet in his room.

Later that night, the closet door opens, awakening you. Shankar clamps his hands on your wrists again and begins pulling you through the ship. "Help! Help! The prisoner's escaping!" he shouts at the top of his voice.

Wherever he's taking you, you don't want to go. So you try to drag your feet, but it's no use.

"Stop the prisoner!" he shouts for the benefit of anyone who might be listening. But to you he whispers, "Everyone will think you died trying to escape." Then he lifts you in his arms and tosses you over the side of the ship—to drown in the Atlantic Ocean.

THE END

"Let's skip the writing and play it safe for a change," you say. "I've had enough fun and games for one day."

So you and Indy turn right, into a tunnel that is evidently free of all flying and crawling forms of wildlife.

Then you get an unexpected surprise—a fresh breeze that blows across your face. The wind from the dark corridor you are in feels like a cool clean cloth washing your grimy forehead. The air is perfumed, sweet, and dry.

You and Indy walk cautiously farther down the corridor.

"It could be an underground spring," Indy says.

"Smells like a fruit garden," you say.

But it should have smelled like a trap, a trap in the dark, which is what it is. When you and Indy cross the midpoint in the corridor, two gigantic square iron plates, lying on the ground in front of and behind you, spring shut. For a second you are like a bone clamped tight in a dog's mouth. After that you're just dead.

THE END

"Don't you slobs get the picture?" Indy says, pushing men out of his way to get to you. "This kid's good luck. You toss the kid over and you can say good-bye to the Fishhead Vessel of King Khataam."

"We searched the kid's pockets and we didn't find a vessel," Captain Porque says.

"The kid doesn't have it. It's still in Egypt, waiting for us to pluck it from its secret tomb," Indy says, throwing you over his shoulder.

"What does it look like?" Porque asks.

"A silver fish chalice with a golden bowl for the mouth," Indy says. You notice that the details change each time he describes it. "The legend says that if you carry it to the sacred lost Temple of Pretalle, the fish speaks. Under the right circumstances it can recite the entire *Encyclopaedia Britannica*."

"I'll take you there," Porque says.

"Porque, you've got a good ship and a good crew," Indy says. "But do you have enough white wine? You've got to have *white* wine to go with fish, you know."

That does it. You don't know *what* happened to Indy back on the *Kalkoun*, but whatever it was, his mind's gone overboard.

Somehow you've got to get Indy back home before he snaps completely. But how?

.....
Turn to page 115.

Indy doesn't get up or move. Only you see the old man hobble out of the temple, turning at the door to enjoy the damage he is leaving behind. Then he disappears.

"Indy, he's getting away!" you shout, trying to stand up.

"Yeah, but he left something behind," Indy groans. He opens his clenched hand and shows you the Dragon of Vengeance. "We got it, kid. We got it!"

Suddenly an ancient laugh rings through the temple, coming at you from every direction.

The old man has reappeared, standing in the door archway. He kicks a small oval stone out of the wall with his foot, and the archway spreads, then splits. The next sound you hear is the stone ceiling of the temple cracking, opening, and falling down on Indy and you.

The beautiful jade Dragon has taken its cruel vengeance once again on those who sought to possess it. If the world is fortunate, its power will remain buried with you for at least another four hundred years.

THE END



Wait in Indy's cabin while he faces off with his kidnappers? That's about as exciting as going to sleep on the Fourth of July before the fireworks. Besides, he needs you. After all, the lock to cabin 208 and your passkey are a perfect match.

When Indy opens the desk drawer with all the money, he lets out a low whistle. "That's not just my money. These guys are loaded."

"Why do they need all that money?" you ask.

"Heavy shuffleboard bettors," Indy says.

Both of you wheel around at the sound of the door behind you sliding open. A man, short and fat, stands in the doorway. You've never seen his ugly face before, but his golden robe is very familiar.

"You're a little out of shape for a Golden Lotus, aren't you, Chubby?" Indy says with a laugh.

Chubby doesn't return the smile. He tosses something onto the rug and suddenly the room fills with thick smoke. By the time you're through the black clouds and into the hall, the Golden Lotus warrior is trying his best to make a fast getaway.

"He's not going to be hard to follow," you shout as you and Indy run through the halls, knocking over sleepy-eyed porters.

"We've got him trapped now!" Indy shouts, following the man down into the engine room.

.....
Turn to page 114.

"Don't be a pain," Indy says angrily, kicking your legs out from under you. He throws you over his shoulder and starts to run down the mountain with you kicking and squirming the whole way. "I ought to knock some sense into you, but we've got to cover some ground first," he says.

Later Indy tosses you headfirst into a stream. "You can't let it go to your head, kid. Once the greed gets to you, you start living someone else's life, not your own. Fortune and glory are one thing, but power—it always corrupts. You'll learn...if you live long enough," Indy says.

Words. They roll off you like the stream water. But when you're finally back in New York, finally swept back up into your own old life again, you realize that Indy was right. You almost gave in to the ugly power the old man dangled before your eyes. Lucky for you, Indiana Jones saved your life in more ways than one that day.

THE END

"He's going to be sorry," you say to yourself, riding up to your hotel suite in the elevator. "He's going to fall into a pit with snakes up to his eyebrows and he's going to think, 'I should have brought you, kid.' He's going to be sorry."

When you open your door, your suite is dark. On the mantle of the fireplace, there's a message from your father. "What's up?" it says.

Suddenly the phone rings.

"Hello," you say, catching it on the first ring.

"Phillip Marlowe, is that you? Don't say anything, Mr. Wise Guy private detective. Just listen. I've got Melissa Vanderhall, see? Hahahaha! And listen, Marlowe, I'm going to rub her out like a spot if you don't show up at Ninety-eight West End Avenue in half an hour." Then the phone goes dead.

The crazed voice on the phone didn't give you his name. But you know who it was—Opportunity knocking *twice*!

"Who wanted to go to China anyway?" you think, slipping into a trench coat. Now you realize it's not...

THE END.

You and Indy are on trains headed in opposite directions. There was no way to talk him into coming to Paris and back home with you, and there was no way you were going to go along with his crazy scheme. But you worry about him, drugged or brainwashed—who knows?

Suddenly a conversation between two British men in your train car interrupts your thoughts.

"Higgby, old boy, did you hear about Penniman in the States? Got himself murdered," the man who just finished reading the newspaper says.

"Late with his alimony payments, Atherton?" asks the man who starts reading the newspaper.

"No, I heard it was over the Dragon of Vengeance," says Atherton.

"What's that?" asks Higgby.

The Dragon of Vengeance! The reason for this whole adventure!

"Piece of carved Chinese jade, a dragon with a diamond in its mouth," says Atherton. "Been missing for centuries. Pops up now and again. The Chinese seem to love to kill each other to get it. The American police say that a secret society called the Golden Lotus did old Penniman in. Beastly affair."

You know in your heart that you've got to tell Indy what you've just overheard. You cable him immediately to meet you in China.

.....

Turn to page 15.

A few weeks later you're twisting, straining against ropes which hold you down. You're in a chair. A dentist walks in wearing a white coat and a construction worker's metal hat. He's carrying an air hammer and a drill. Suddenly he clamps a large hand over your mouth so you can't scream.

"Wake up, kid. Come on and wake up," says a quiet voice that echoes in your head. But it's not the voice of a dentist. It's the voice of Indiana Jones.

Your eyes focus slowly and you see Indy untying your hands from the bamboo bed where you've been out of your mind for who knows how long.

He gets you up on your wobbly legs and then tells you two pieces of good news: You're going to live and you're going home.

"Hey—what about the Dragon of Vengeance?" you ask.

"You mean this?" he asks, taking the carved dragon out of his pocket. "You missed the whole story, kid. But we'll talk about it on the way. Now let's get out of here." Indy cocks the action on an automatic rifle and then leads you out through the bedroom window.

THE END

Steam escaping from the pipes of the engine room makes it difficult to see and impossible to hear. But as you watch from the stairway, ten Golden Lotus warriors carrying metal pipes appear, surrounding Indy.

The next time you see him, he is in the air, kicking and twisting as he is carried straight to the open door of a red-hot coal furnace.

Indiana Jones is going to be a charcoal briquette if you don't do something fast! Turn out the lights and create a little confusion—it's worked before. So you run around pulling switches, pushing buttons, and ducking Golden Lotus warriors.

Uh-oh. You pushed one button too many. It sets off a siren alarm of some kind. You try to turn it off but the lights go out instead.

"Run, kid!" You can hear Indy shouting.

"Indy, where are you?" you shout into the darkness.

"Run, you fool!" Indy shouts. "That alarm means the boilers are overheating—this tub is going to explode!"

Suddenly bodies are pushing past you, going the other way. You, Indy, and the Golden Lotus all want to get out of the room before it blows. You're halfway up the metal stairs when a hot noise picks you up and sends you flying like a paper airplane.

.....
If you want to live through this catastrophe, turn to page 43.

If you want to die, turn to page 37.

Then you remember something your father always told you. "Actions speak louder than words—give them money!"

So after speaking privately to Porque for only five minutes—at a rate of a thousand dollars a minute—you convince him to drop you and Indy off in France. Your dad wires you the cash to pay off Porque and then you go book passage on the *Queen Mary* heading back to New York.

But just as you're about to board your fifth boat in six days, the drug—or whatever got to Indy's mind—wears off and he snaps out of it!

"Oooh—it was like having the twenty-four-hour flu for a year and a half," Indy says rubbing his head. "Thanks for standing by me, kid."

"Where to now?" you ask. "After the Dragon of Vengeance?"

"Not today, kid. Maybe tomorrow. Right now, let's just go to the movies."

"But I won't understand it if the movie's in French," you say.

"Sure you will, kid," Indy says. "We're going to see Charlie Chaplin."

THE END

By the time you get to Egypt, Indy has changed his mind about digging up the pyramids. Instead, he wants to dynamite them. And you can talk until the sphinx rolls over but there's no stopping him. He buys the dynamite and some camels, rides out to a pyramid, and starts setting the explosives.

"Indy, you can't do this. People are watching," you say, pointing to a group of Egyptians who are slowly forming a large crowd.

"They're a peaceful religious group," Indy says, giving them a large wave. "They won't do anything to stop us."

The first shots from their automatic rifles blow holes in Indy's theory—and they almost blow a few holes in you. They've got you pinned behind the pyramid with no way to repel their ricocheting bullets.

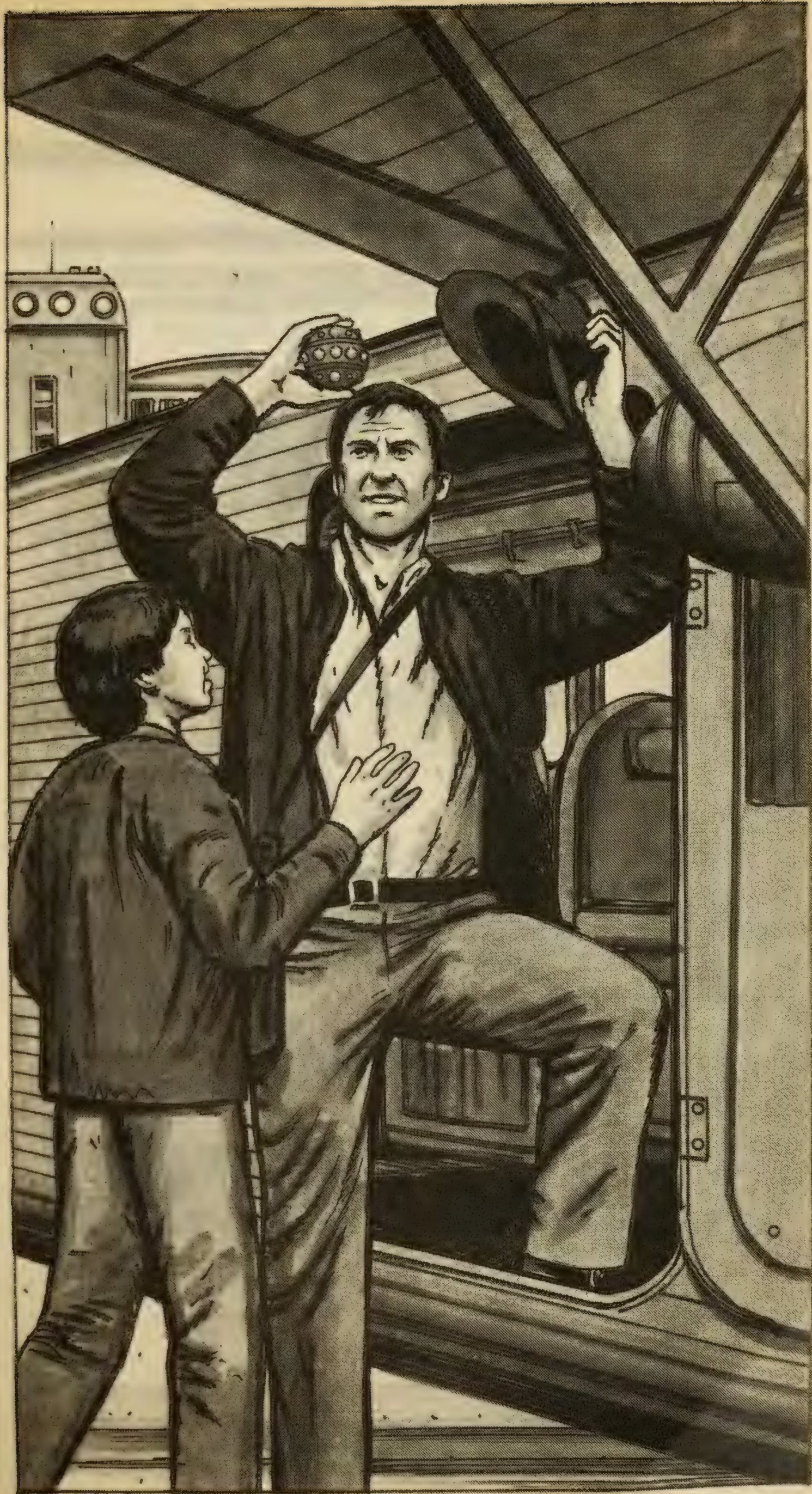
Indy quickly tosses a few lighted sticks of dynamite to give them something to think about. And before the smoke clears, you and Indy escape to safety.

"Sorry we didn't find the Fishhead Vessel, Indy," you say, getting on the first plane out of Egypt.

"That's okay, kid. I got a souvenir," Indy says, pulling a jewel-covered gold ball from under his hat.

Eventually you get back home and Indiana Jones returns to normal, vowing to avoid Chinese guys wearing golden robes.

THE END



"As far as I know, it's still lost to eternity," the old man says, tightening his grip on you. "The Lo family meant well when they brought it to me, but China is filled with fake Dragons of Vengeance."

"Fake Golden Lotus leaders too," Indy says, aiming the gun at you and the old man.

"If you try to shoot me, you might hit the child," he says.

"Don't be a jerk," Indy snaps.

The Lotus leader pauses a second and then lets you go without another argument.

And with that, the bloody war in Tang Po is over. But the mystery, and your hunger for the Dragon of Vengeance, live on.

THE END

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